

Calling All GIRLS

Largest Circulation
Magazine For Girls

June-July 1943

10c

ICC

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

...heroine of an
exciting two-part
mystery story
Begin it in this issue

COMICS
STORIES

Movies

FASHIONS

Gadgets
Good
Looks

Etiquette

THINGS TO DO

**SINCERELY
YOURS**

Virginia Weidler's
personal autograph
collection



WHAT TO DO

in a blackout

When you have an air-raid drill, just take it in your stride. Take along your flashlight, and a bottle of Dura-Gloss, and give yourself a manicure with this swell nail polish. It helps relieve the monotony, eases you over the interruption caused by the drill, and gives you the world's most beautiful fingernails. Lots of girls have adopted Dura-Gloss. It contains a special ingredient* that makes it stay on well, and it's only 10¢. Lorr Laboratories, founded by E. T. Reynolds, 200 Godwin Ave., Paterson, N. J.

* CHRYSTALLYNE



DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

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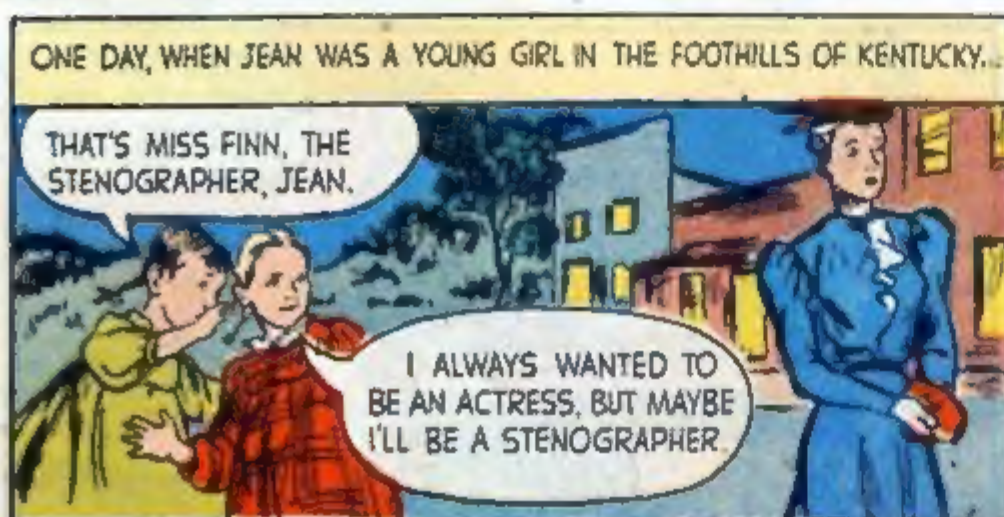
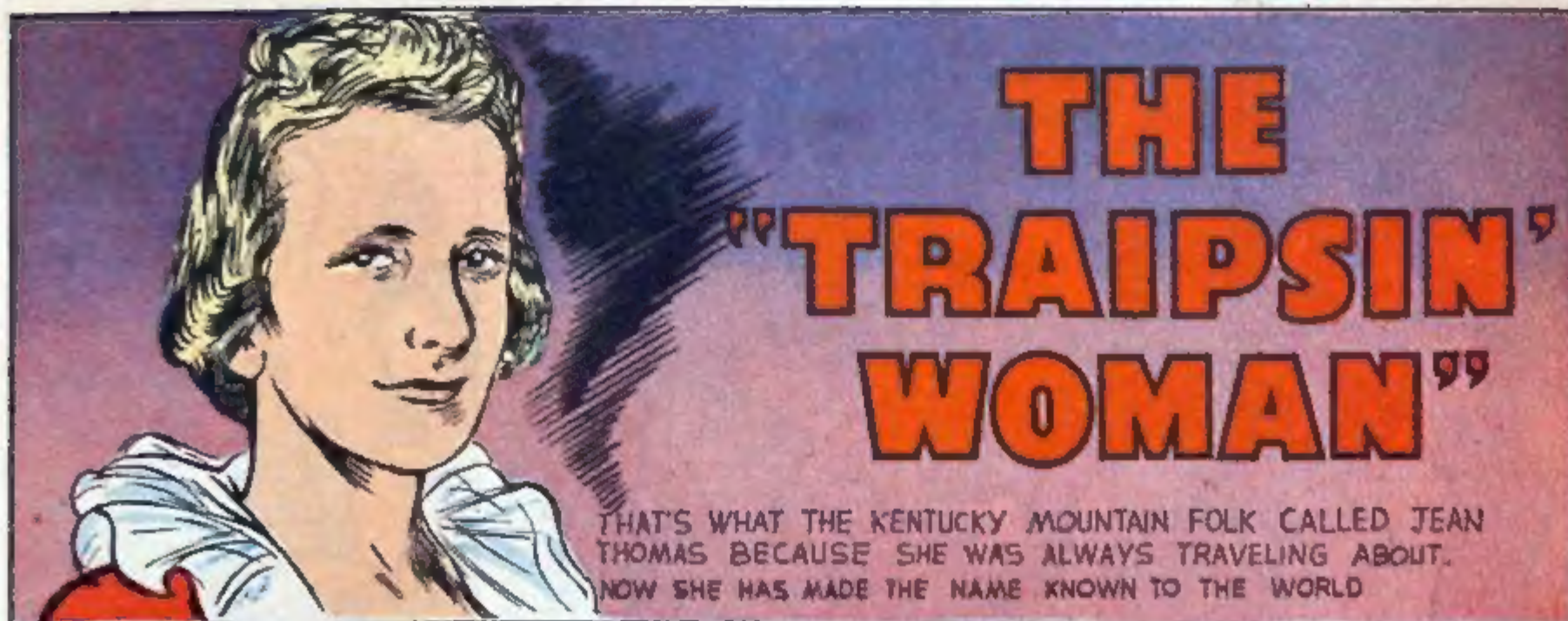
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10¢ PLUS TAX



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IT'S DISGRACEFUL FOR A YOUNG GIRL TO GO TRAIPSING AROUND THE COUNTRY WITH LAWYERS AND JUDGES.

JEAN IS A GOOD GIRL AND CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. GOOD DAY!

UNHEARD OF. HUMPH!



GOOD-BYE, JEAN. BE CAREFUL TO KEEP YOUR SLEEVES DOWN TO YOUR WRISTS AND DON'T CROSS YOUR FEET OR YOUR STOCKINGS WILL SHOW OVER YOUR SHOE TOPS.



ON JEAN'S FIRST DAY IN COURT.

HOW DO YOU LIKE COURT WORK, MA'AM?

IT IS VERY EXCITING.



THIS GUN WAS USED IN THE KILLING!



COME OUT, JEAN. HE'S NOT GOING TO SHOOT.

HE SCARED ME.



THESE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE NEVER SAW A TYPEWRITER BEFORE

HOW CAN SHE WRITE IT OFF ON THAT CONTRAPTION?

IT'S PLAIN WITCHERY!



AND LOOK AT THOSE HOOKS AND LINES SHE MAKES. SHE SAYS IT'S SHORT WRITING.

JEAN BECAME A GOOD FRIEND OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.



I HEAR BEAUTIFUL SINGING.

IT'S THE SECOND SUNDAY IN JUNE. UNCLE ABNER IS STARTING UP THE SINGING GATHERING.

HIS GRANPA BEFORE HIM AND HIS BEFORE HIM DID THE SAME.

AND BLIND JILSON SETTERS FIDDLES AND SINGS THE BALLADS.

WHY, THEY'RE SINGING PURE OLD ENGLISH BALLADS FROM THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH — FROM THE 16TH CENTURY.



BUT JEAN BECAME RESTLESS, EVEN TRAIPSING AROUND THE MOUNTAINS, SO SHE MADE A TRIP TO NEW YORK.



I'VE BEEN IN THE MOUNTAINS MANY YEARS. IT'S TIME I DID SOMETHING ABOUT MY OLD DESIRE TO BE AN ACTRESS.



THESE SONGS HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN BY WORD OF MOUTH FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION. THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW THEIR BEAUTY.

JEAN MADE MANY FRIENDS IN NEW YORK, WITH THE GREAT SHOWMAN ROXY...



AND JILSON SETTERS, THE SINGING FIDDLER OF LOST HOPE HOLLOW. HE SINGS BALLADS JUST AS HIS ANCESTORS BROUGHT THEM FROM ENGLAND.

GO BACK TO THE HILLS AND GET TO WORK. YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH THERE.



WHY, I BET I COULD GET OUTSIDERS TO COME TO HEAR THE ANNUAL SINGING GATHERING EVERY SECOND SUNDAY IN JUNE.

BACK IN KENTUCKY...



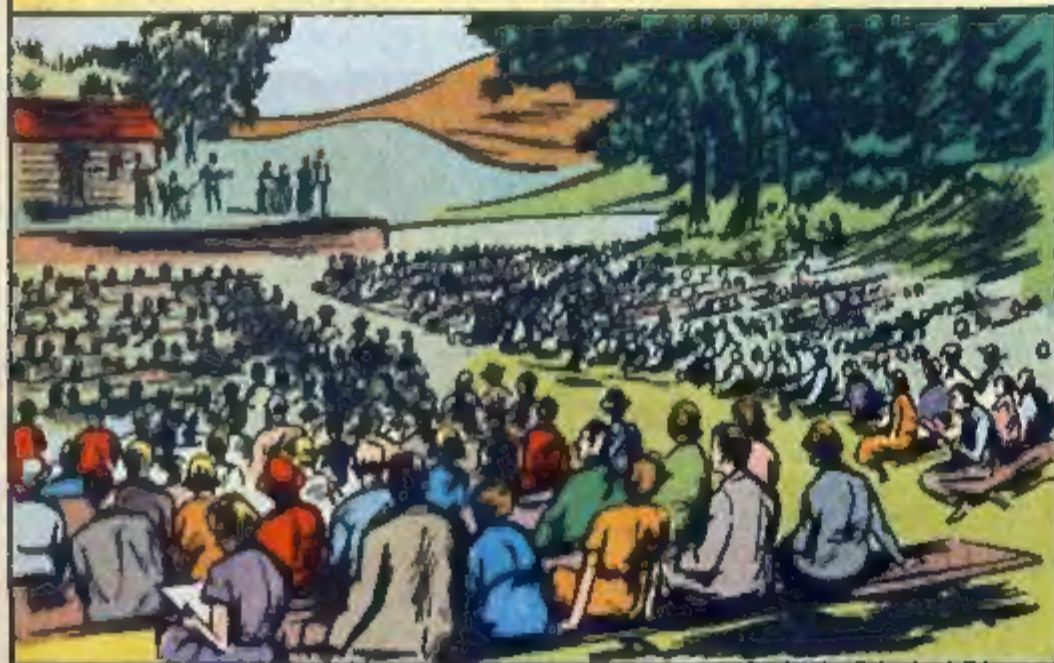
AND WE'LL HOLD THE SINGING GATHERING DOWN AT MY HOUSE ON MAYO TRAIL AND INVITE THE WORLD TO COME HEAR IT.

THE TRAIPSIN' WOMAN HAS A GOOD IDEA.



WE'LL CALL IT THE AMERICAN FOLK SONG FESTIVAL. MY FRIENDS IN NEW YORK WILL WRITE ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE CAME TO THE FIRST AMERICAN FOLK SONG FESTIVAL WHICH WAS HELD IN JUNE, 1932.



LATER THAT YEAR...



WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO GO TO ENGLAND TO SING FOR THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, IN LONDON...



JILSON SETTERS IS WONDERFUL. HE COMPOSES HIS OWN BALLADS, TOO.

HE'S A PRICELESS CONTRIBUTOR TO THE FOLK MUSIC OF THE WORLD.

WHEN JILSON GOT BACK TO LOST HOPE HOLLOW...

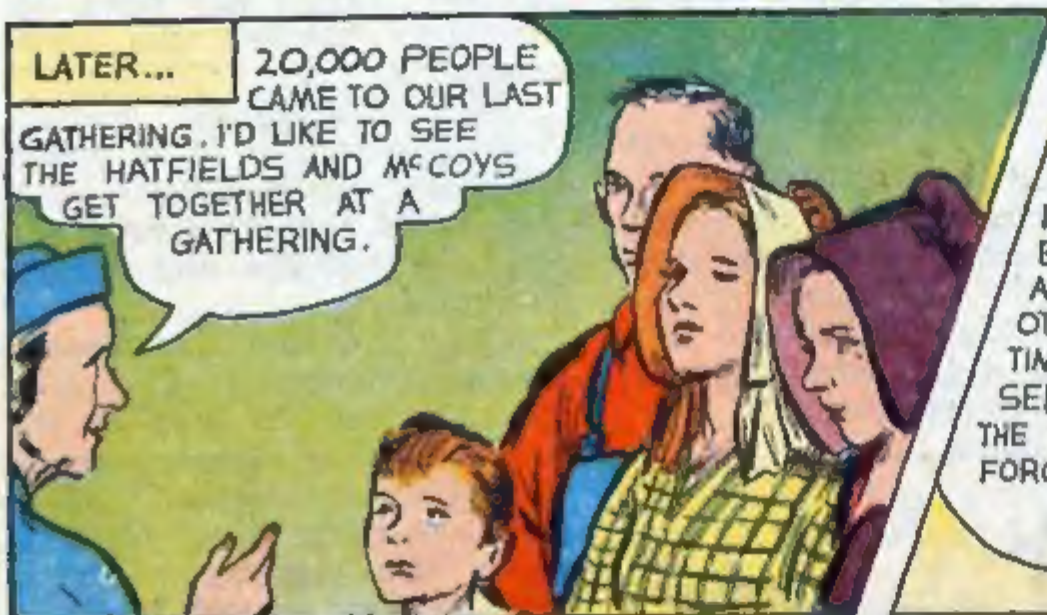
I NEVER LAID EYES ON A SPRING NOR A WELL THE WHOLE TIME I WERE THERE. THEY DRAW WATER RIGHT OUT OF THE WALLS OF THEIR HOUSES.



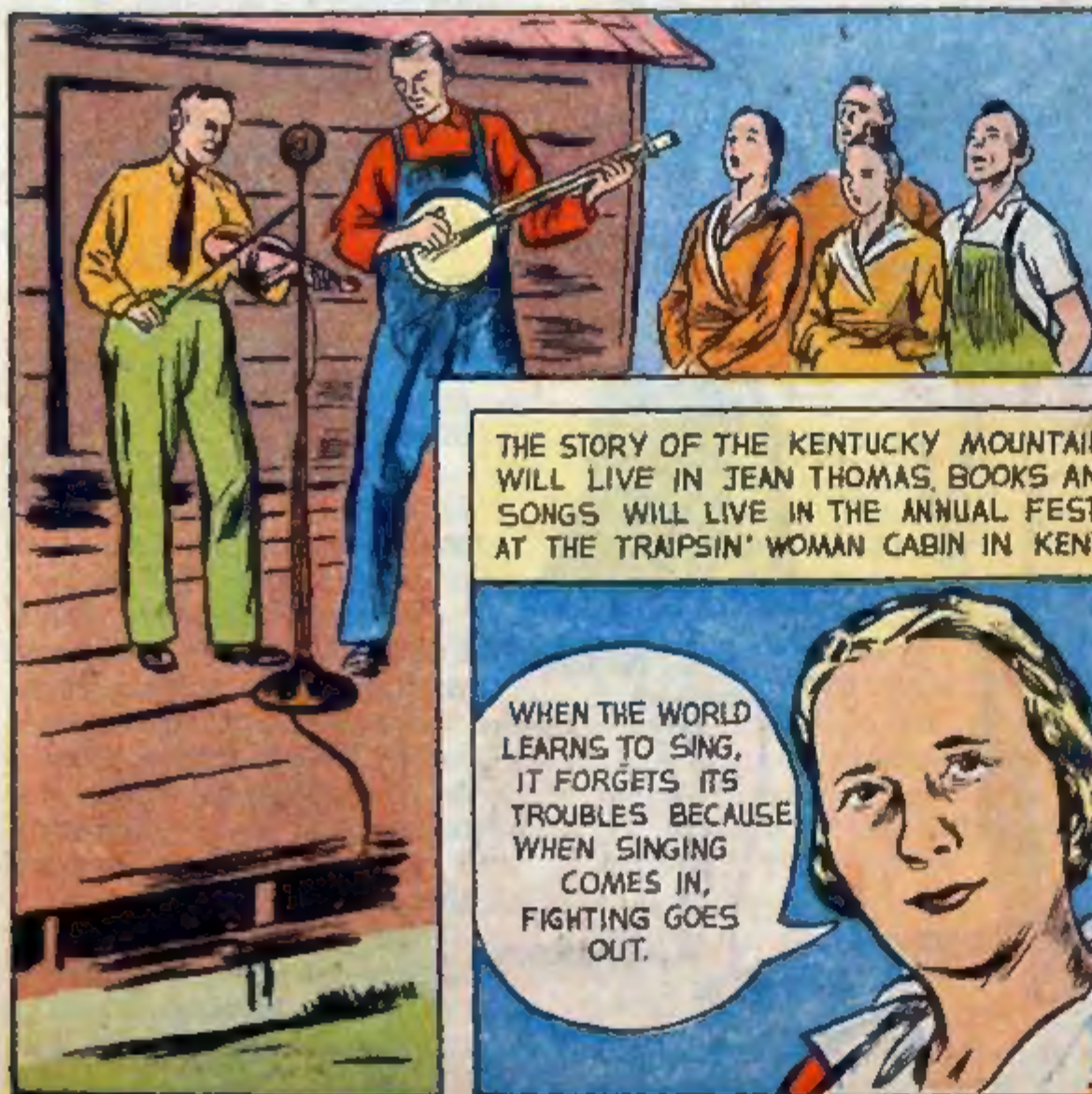
ME AND THE TRAIP SIN' WOMAN PUT UP AT A HOUSE BIGGER N', ALL THE HOUSES IN LOST HOPE HOLLOW PUT TOGETHER.

LATER...

20,000 PEOPLE CAME TO OUR LAST GATHERING. I'D LIKE TO SEE THE HATFIELDS AND MCCOYS GET TOGETHER AT A GATHERING.



THEIR FAMILIES HAVE BEEN FIGHTING AND KILLING EACH OTHER FOR A LONG TIME. I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM SING AT THE GATHERING AND FORGET TO FIGHT.



THEY CAME! THERE ARE BUD MCCOY AND SID HATFIELD SINGING TOGETHER AS NICE AS YOU PLEASE.



THE STORY OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS WILL LIVE IN JEAN THOMAS BOOKS AND THEIR SONGS WILL LIVE IN THE ANNUAL FESTIVALS AT THE TRAIP SIN' WOMAN CABIN IN KENTUCKY.

WHEN THE WORLD LEARNS TO SING, IT FORGETS ITS TROUBLES BECAUSE WHEN SINGING COMES IN, FIGHTING GOES OUT.



Mayor Martin's Daughter

A two-part story in which Connie and her pals solve the mystery of the stolen bicycles, and incidentally find a new friend

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "Dollar a Share"
and "Dynamo Farm"

WHEW! Who's the little number Cap has in tow?"

At the sound of Stub Stevens' appreciative whistle, Connie Martin and Peggy Stone both turned from their inspection of his bike in time to see Cap Riley coming down the high school steps. But who was that with him? The girls exchanged curious glances.

The stranger had feather-cut black hair that sent a sudden stab of jealousy through Connie's heart.

"Gang, this is Stasia Kubec," Cap said as he came near. "She's transferring here from Greenlawn High next fall—just came over today to bring her records and stuff. Stasia, this is Connie Martin, and this is Peggy Stone, and Stub Stevens."

There was a murmur of "hello's" and then Stasia smiled. "I was feeling sort of sorry for myself, coming to a strange town—but I don't any more."

"Did you ride over on your bike?" Connie asked. And when Stasia nodded, she added, "I hope you locked it. I hate to admit it, but we've been having an epidemic of bike stealing around here. They got mine a couple of months ago—but I managed to get a secondhand one."

"Why, we've been having an epidemic, too." They had all been walking around the corner to the bike rack at the side door,

and Stasia bent to unlock hers. "Mine's secondhand, too—for the same reason."

"You got a better one than I did," Connie congratulated her. "It's a Featherweight, isn't it?"

Stasia nodded. "It's not bad. But I had to pay more for it than I did for my own when it was new."

In a moment they were all coasting down the hill. As they crossed the car tracks at the foot, Stasia's bike rattled and Stub lifted his head with a peculiar expression.

"Say, listen . . ."



The pretty stranger with Cap Riley sent a stab of jealousy through Connie's heart.

"Where do you live in Greenlawn?" Connie interrupted him. "I ride over there sometimes and . . ."

Cap looked at her in surprise, but she turned her head deliberately toward the newcomer.

"Three-fifty Grand Avenue. And please drop in if you're around. Sorry I have to leave you, but I take this road. So long, everybody—and please come over."

After she had disappeared around the corner Cap said, "Since when are you in the habit of riding eleven miles to Greenlawn and back, Connie?"

"Since right now," Connie's voice was serious. "Listen, gang. I want to talk."

Cap looked resigned. "I can feel it coming," he murmured. "Catastrophe Connie has an idea."

"Yes, I have. And it's a good one."

"You hope."

"Let her explain, Cap," Peggy said. "Go on, Connie."

"Well, didn't Stasia's bicycle look familiar to any of you?"

"Sure," Stub said patronizingly. "It had two wheels and a chain, just like a lot of bikes. And . . ."

"In the first place, it's a Featherweight." Connie withered him with a look.

"I haven't got the figures handy," Cap sighed, "but I don't suppose there are more than a few thousand Featherweights around these parts."

"Cap, this isn't funny. Listen—what happened early this spring when I asked you to adjust the seat on my bicycle? The one



"We've got to hurry," Connie whispered excitedly. "Stasia, you go to the police station!"

that was stolen, I mean."

But the boys drowned her last words with laughter. "Why, how could you forget?" Stub chortled. "He didn't tighten it, you drove up to school the next morning, turned to wave gracefully to Mr. Wilkinson—and ended on your face in a puddle."

"I'm not referring to that—er—episode," Connie said with dignity. "I mean after that—when Cap had tightened the seat."

"You mean when I dropped the nut into the frame of the bike and couldn't get it out again?"

"Yes. What happened to the nut that fell in the frame?"

"It stayed there and rattled."

"Rattled!" Stub said suddenly. "I get it. I noticed it myself when we crossed the car tracks and I was going to say something. Stasia's bike rattles just like Connie's did!"

"And it's a Featherweight like hers was!" Peggy's eyes were wide.

"Exactly." Connie looked complacent. "I knew you'd heard it, Stub, but I didn't think we ought to mention it until we'd talked it over. Now maybe you know why I want

to ride over and see Stasia. Maybe she knows where the rest of the Central City bikes are, too."

"Wait a minute," Cap protested. "You can't accuse her of . . ."

"Cap, don't be silly. Connie isn't accusing Stasia of anything. Are you?"

"Of course not. But suppose there's a bike-stealing ring. They steal them here and sell them in Greenlawn, where they won't be recognized."

"And steal them in Greenlawn to sell here!" Stub suddenly switched his allegiance to Connie's side.

"Exactly. What do you say now, Cap?" Connie asked triumphantly.

"Plenty. Anybody'd think you were the daughter of the Chief of Police instead of the Mayor. One time you persuaded us to rescue a criminal from his terrible gang—and he turned out to be a famous author. And once we were all set to catch a dangerous spy—only he happened to be an art collector instead. This is probably just another example of the bright ideas you get."

Connie could feel her face

redden slowly. Cap was right.

And then suddenly Cap grinned. "Forget it, Connie. Let's vote on it. If everybody else wants to investigate this new mystery you've cooked up, it's all right with me."

"I vote yes," Peggy said. "So do I."

Cap sighed with mock resignation. "I'm outvoted."

Four panting figures paused to catch their breath at the top of the hill. It was early the following evening and Greenlawn, in the valley below, lay in shadow. Connie had hoped to start their investigation in the afternoon, but they had had to postpone their trip until later in the day.

"Do we all know what we're to do?" Connie asked. "Peg and I will go right to Stasia's. And you boys will see—what's his name?"

"Ben Zimmer," Stub nodded. "He's a good egg—played football against us last fall. He's lived here all his life and must know the town pretty well."

"And we'll meet in an hour at the post office."

At the corner of Main Street and Grand Avenue the girls

turned off toward Stasia's and the boys continued toward Ben's father's paint store.

"Why, hello!" Stasia's face flushed with pleasure when she opened the door. "Come on in."

"This isn't really a social call," said Connie. "We think your bicycle is mine. I mean, the one you bought second-hand is the one that was stolen from me. I mean..."

That sounded terrible. Now Stasia would be angry. But...

"I'm not surprised," she was saying slowly. "You see, I'm pretty sure I saw the bike that was stolen from me in the rack at your high school."

"Really?"

"I think so. And I was wondering if there could be a gang that is stealing bikes here and selling them in Central City and..."

"Stealing them in Central City and selling in Greenlawn!" Connie finished for her. "That's just what we decided! And listen to what we thought of trying. The boys came over to Greenlawn, too—Cap and Stub, I mean—and they've gone to get Ben Zimmer."

For half an hour they talked excitedly, and when Connie and Peggy left Stasia's house in time to meet the boys, their new friend was with them.

The boys were at the post office and when the introductions were completed they went together to Ben's father's store to leave their bikes, and then hurried around the corner to the doorway of a vacant shop opposite the Greenlawn Bicycle Emporium.

"Ben's going in first," Cap said. "Then me. Okay?"

The others nodded.

"So long, Ben. Good luck."

"Aye, aye." Ben saluted smartly, turned on his heel, and walked across the street.

The group he left behind stood in silence for a minute.

"Stasia says the shop opened only about five months ago," Connied whispered.

"That's about the same time the one in Central City started. Sure sounds suspicious to me." Stub nodded soberly.

The time seemed to drag, but

actually less than a quarter of an hour went by before Ben hurried back toward them.

"Well?" Connie asked breathlessly.

"Sure," Ben murmured. "I told him I was interested in a secondhand bike, and the first thing he asked was where I lived. I said right here in town, and he said he had several. Showed them to me, too. He had five, all freshly painted. I told him I'd think it over."

"Good. That's that. Now for the next part of the experiment. So long." And Cap walked nonchalantly away from them.

This time the wait was much shorter. It was scarcely five minutes before he rejoined them.

"What did he say?"

"He said no, all right." Cap's face wore a strange expression. "And when I pointed to the bikes in the shop he said they were all sold."

"He'd asked you where you lived?" Ben prompted him.

OUT OF THIS WORLD —BUT REALLY!

A brand new serial written
especially for you

By ISABELLE COREY

THE MYSTERY OF THE THIEVING SPOOKS

Starting in the next issue of
CALLING ALL GIRLS
Don't miss this mystery

"Yes—the first thing."

"Then I guess that settles it. He'll sell to Greenlawn people, but he won't let Central City people even get a close look at his bikes."

"But listen, gang—that isn't all he asked me. I'm afraid I've kind of messed things up."

"Why?"

"Well, he asked me how I

knew about his store, and I said a friend here in Greenlawn told me. And then he asked who the friend was, and I couldn't think fast enough. I said you, Ben. At first nothing happened, and then he looked at me in a funny way and said, 'Ben Zimmer? Yes, I know him. In fact...' and then he shut up and wouldn't say a word. Just stood around waiting for me to leave. I—I've got an awful feeling he suspects something. Does he know you, Ben?"

"I don't know." Ben's thin dark face looked worried. "I suppose maybe he's been in Dad's store and seen me there."

"And you were just in there. Oh, Ben—Cap—we've got to hurry. If he really did become suspicious he may do something to get rid of his stock." Connie looked from one to the other. "Stasia, you go to the police station. You know where it is. Tell them what we think and ask them to send somebody back here. And I'll go into the shop and try to keep the man occupied, so that if he had any idea of putting the bikes away, or something, he won't be able to do it. Okay, everybody?"

Five heads nodded. And then Stasia and Connie departed in opposite directions.

"Gang!" Connie was suddenly in their midst again, her face a little pale. "He is suspicious."

"What happened?"

"When I opened the door he was talking on the telephone to somebody and looking terribly worried. He didn't even hear me. And I heard him say he'd load everything on the truck and leave immediately. So I just backed out. What'll we do?"

"Take it easy, Connie." Cap's voice was calm. "If the police pay any attention to Stasia they'll probably hurry right..." The words hung in the air and they all turned to follow Cap's startled glance.

"He's started loading already!" Peggy whispered.

It was still light enough for them to see a bicycle being hoisted into the battered truck parked in front of the shop.

Connie felt a little surge of triumph over this evidence of the rightness of her hunch, but a moment later it was drowned in worry. If somebody didn't have another hunch right now, it might be too late.

"I've got an idea!" Ben's eyes were bright. "It ought to take him at least five minutes to load and . . . Hold everything. I'll be right back."

They were staring after his retreating back.

But before the fourth bike had been lifted into place Ben reappeared, breathing hard.

"What have you got there?"

"A—a can of paint and a—a screwdriver and some wire." The words came in little gasps. "If I can just fasten the can of paint under the truck, and punch a hole in the bottom, he'll . . ."

He stopped for breath and Connie finished for him. "Marvelous! He'll leave a trail behind him—like a paper chase. And the police can follow him."

"But how will you . . .?" Stub

began, and stopped, because Ben had already left them again, moving quickly through the twilight shadows.

They saw Ben wait behind the truck while the shopkeeper deposited another bike inside, and then the thin wiry figure crouched and vanished beneath the body.

They held their breaths while a couple of chairs and a box of tools were carried from the shop to the truck. Ben's sweater was visible, even from where they stood. Surely . . . But the man turned his back once more, to lock the shop door, and Ben flashed across the street. Four pairs of hands reached out to drag him into the shelter of the doorway.

"Made it!"

"And there he goes," Cap whispered. They heard the motor sputter to life.

Connie tried not to feel dismayed. The paint would show them the way—if it dripped fast enough to make a trail that could be followed. And

then she remembered something. "He can't be going far. I heard him say he'd be there ten minutes after he started."

As the truck chugged off down the street Cap spoke with decision. "Let's follow him ourselves. Then, whatever happens, we'll be able to keep an eye on him. Ben, you stay here until Stasia comes back. You can explain everything to the police—if they come with her. Come on, gang."

Connie felt better, now that Cap was definitely cooperating. But when she got on her bike she found her hands were shaking. She hadn't liked the look on that man's face.

A tiny puddle of glistening white lay a few feet from the curb. Beyond it was a smaller shining splash. And beyond that another. And another.

They waved to Ben across the street and then bore down on their pedals. The little white marks were barely visible, and they were leading—where?

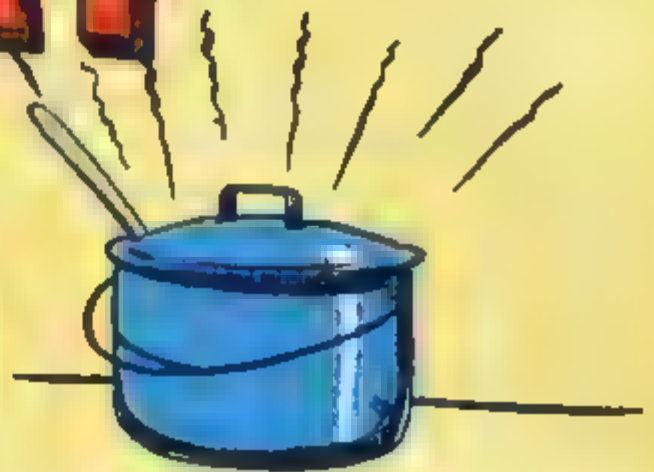
(To be concluded)



Ben flashed across the street and four pairs of hands reached out to drag him into the shelter of the doorway.

The VICTORY CLUB

WHAT'S COOKING?



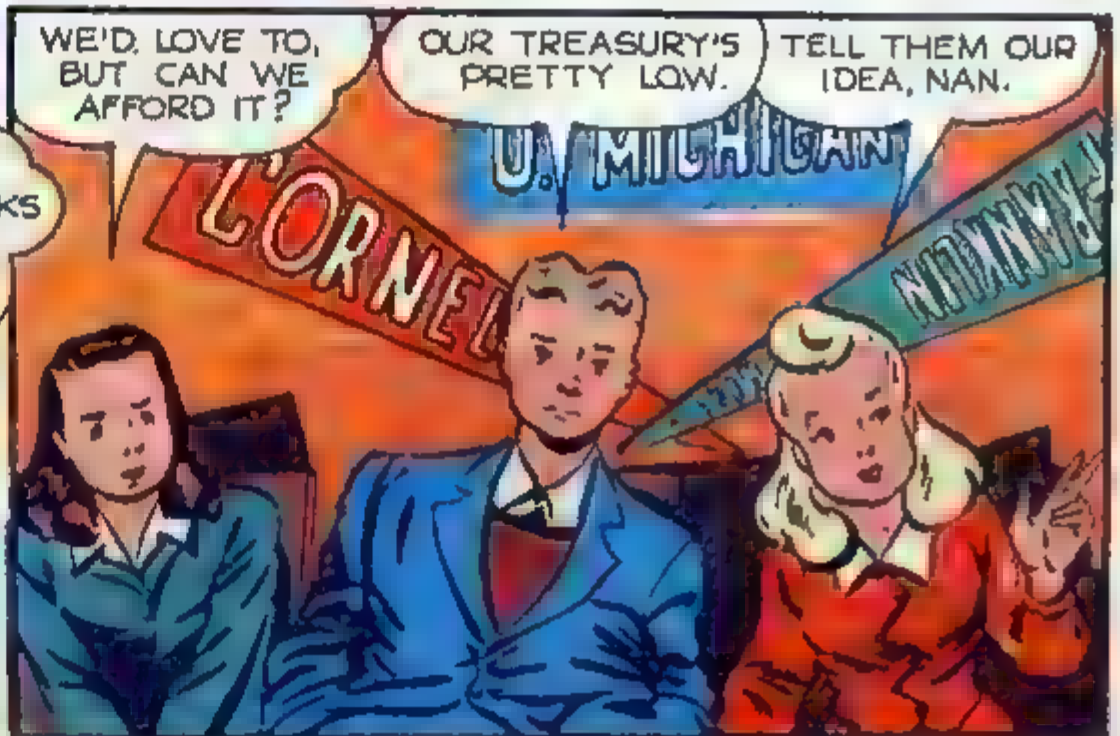
THE SOLDIERS AT CAMP YORKTOWN WERE CRAZY ABOUT THE COOKIES WE MADE FOR THEM.

THE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE THINKS WE OUGHT TO SEND BOXES REGULARLY.

WE'D LOVE TO, BUT CAN WE AFFORD IT?

OUR TREASURY'S PRETTY LOW.

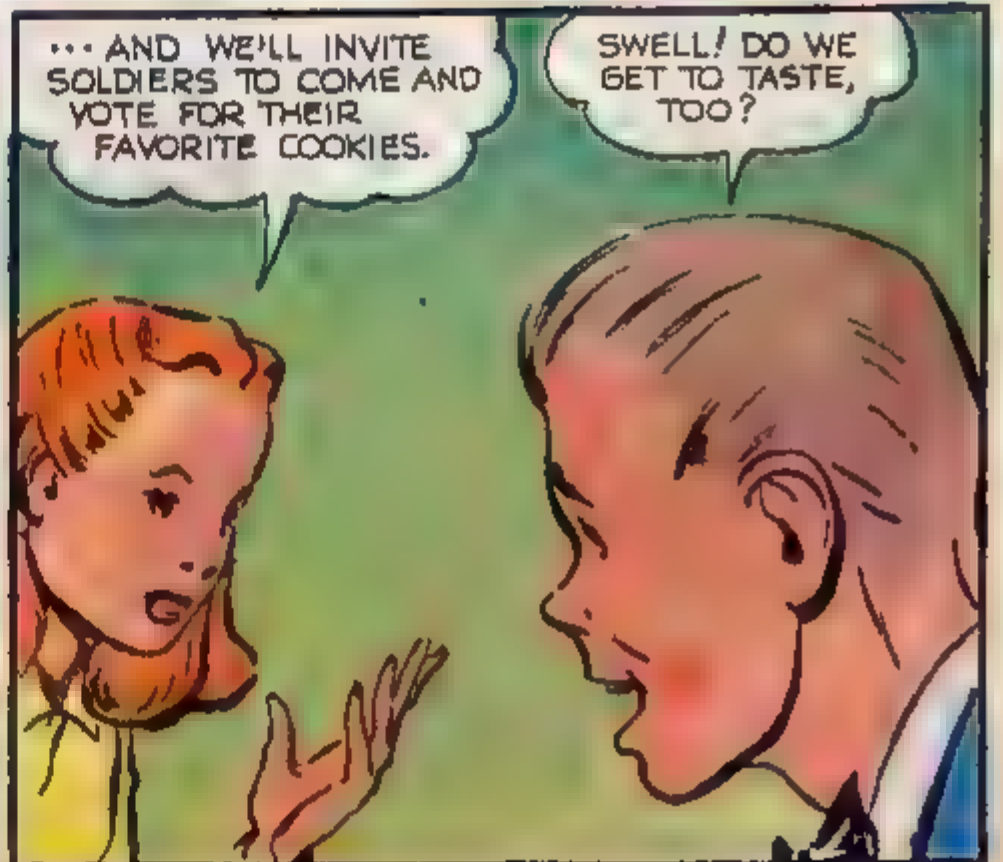
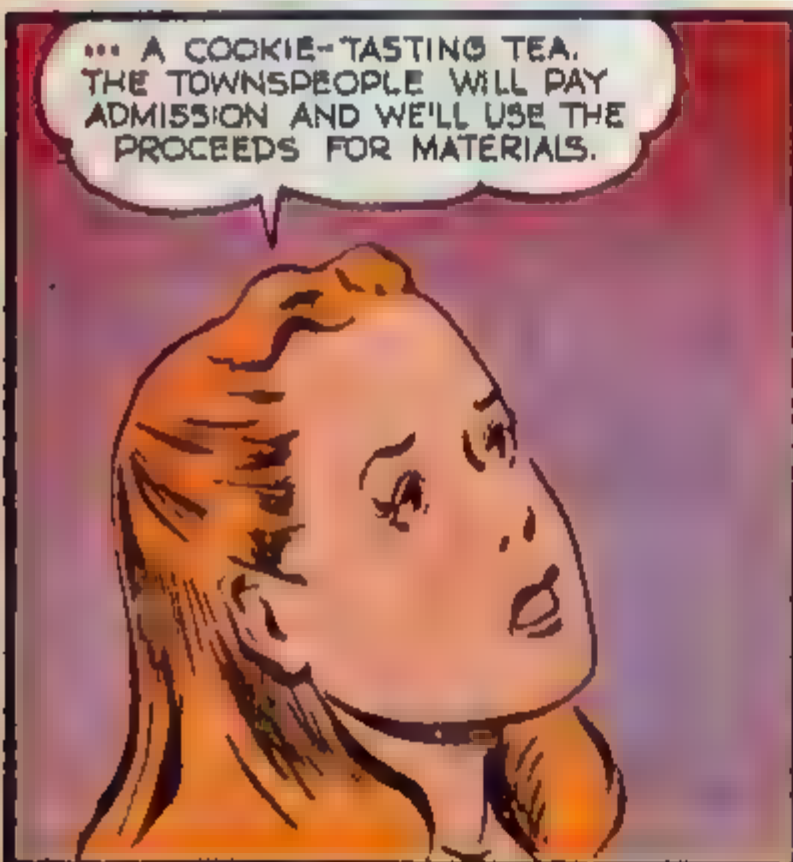
TELL THEM OUR IDEA, NAN.

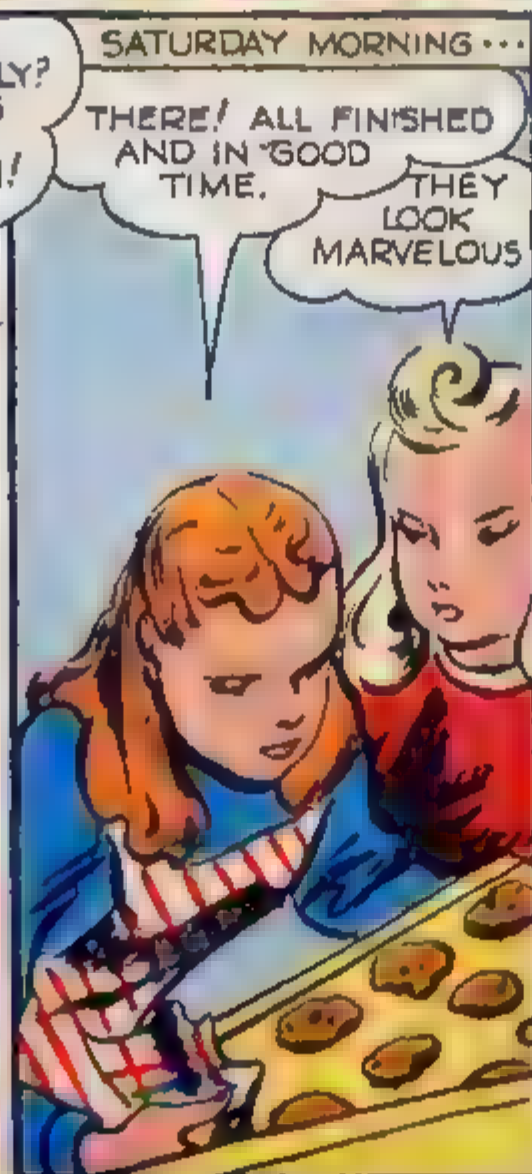
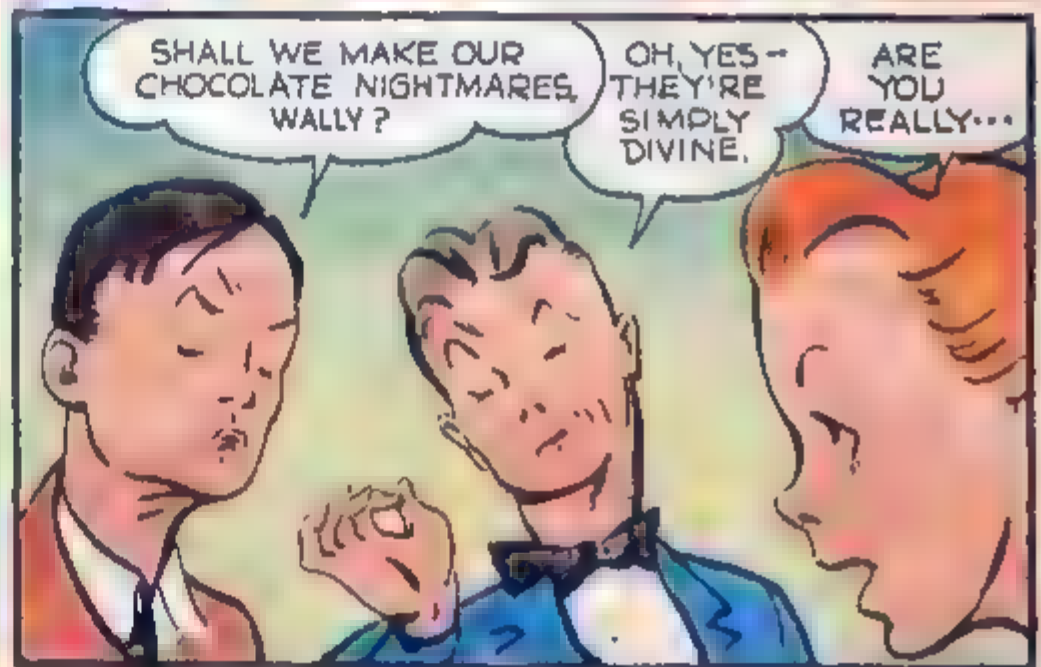
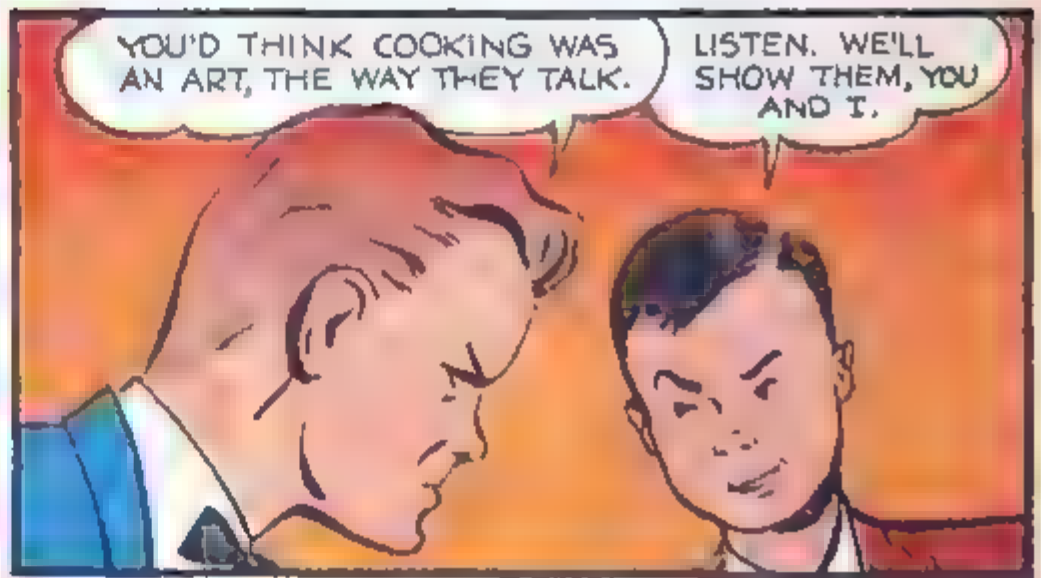


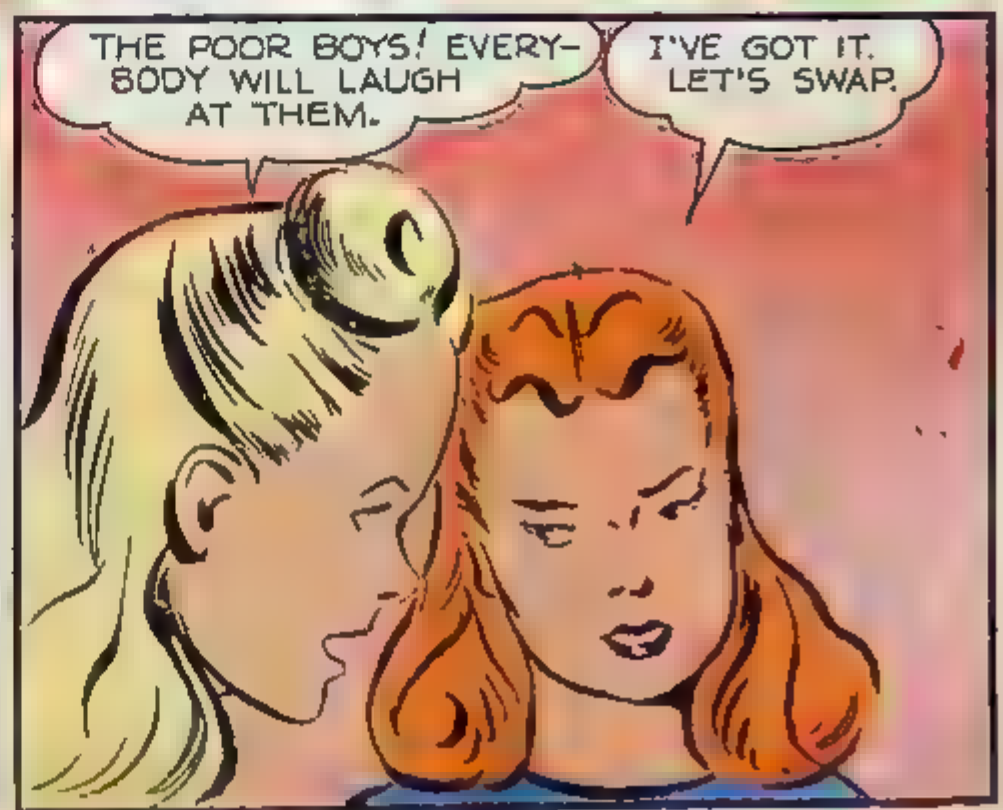
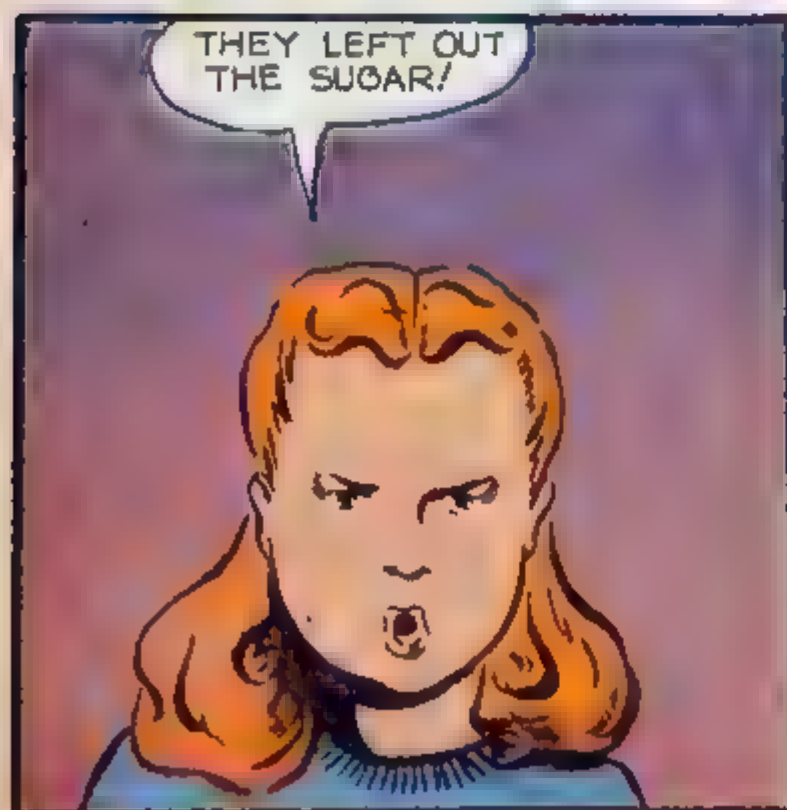
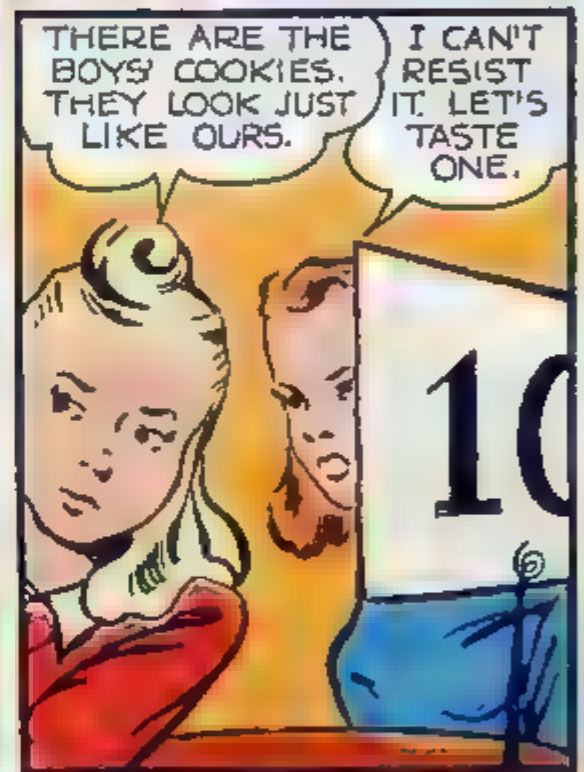
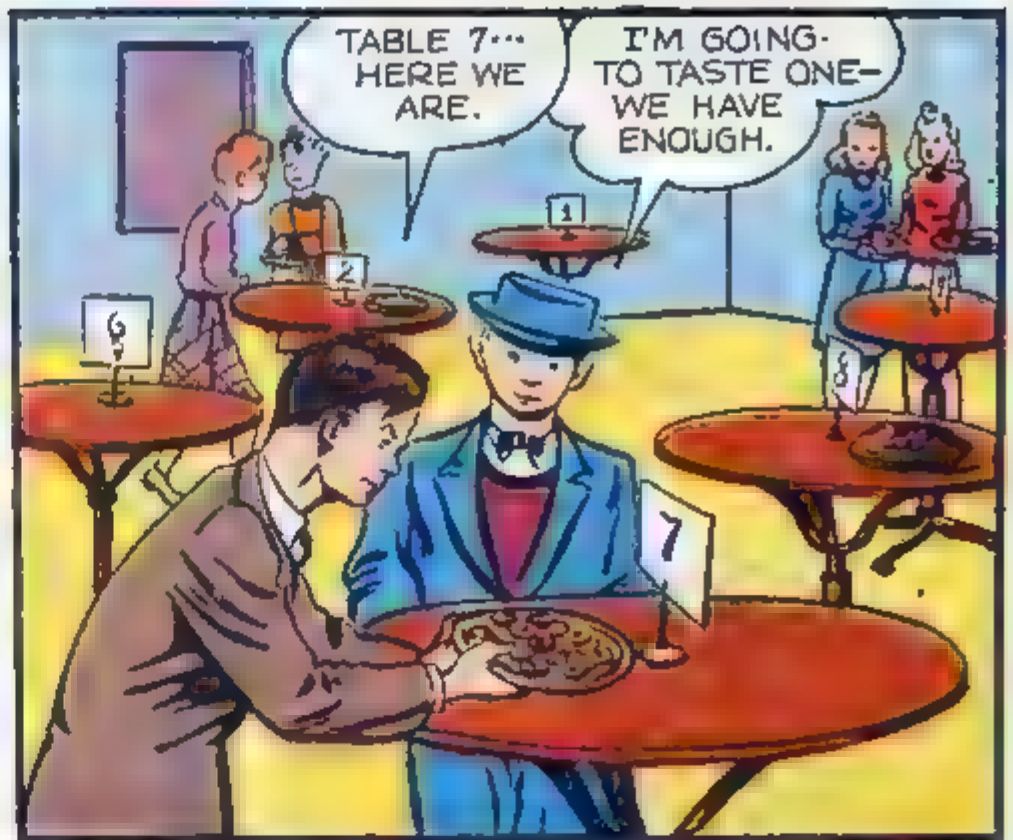
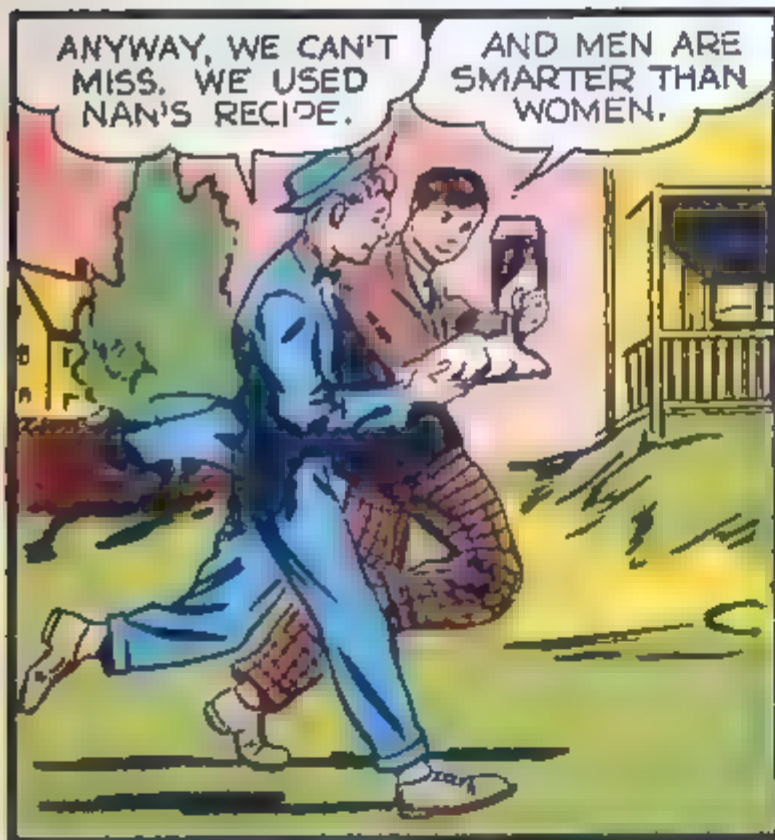
... A COOKIE-TASTING TEA. THE TOWNSPEOPLE WILL PAY ADMISSION AND WE'LL USE THE PROCEEDS FOR MATERIALS.

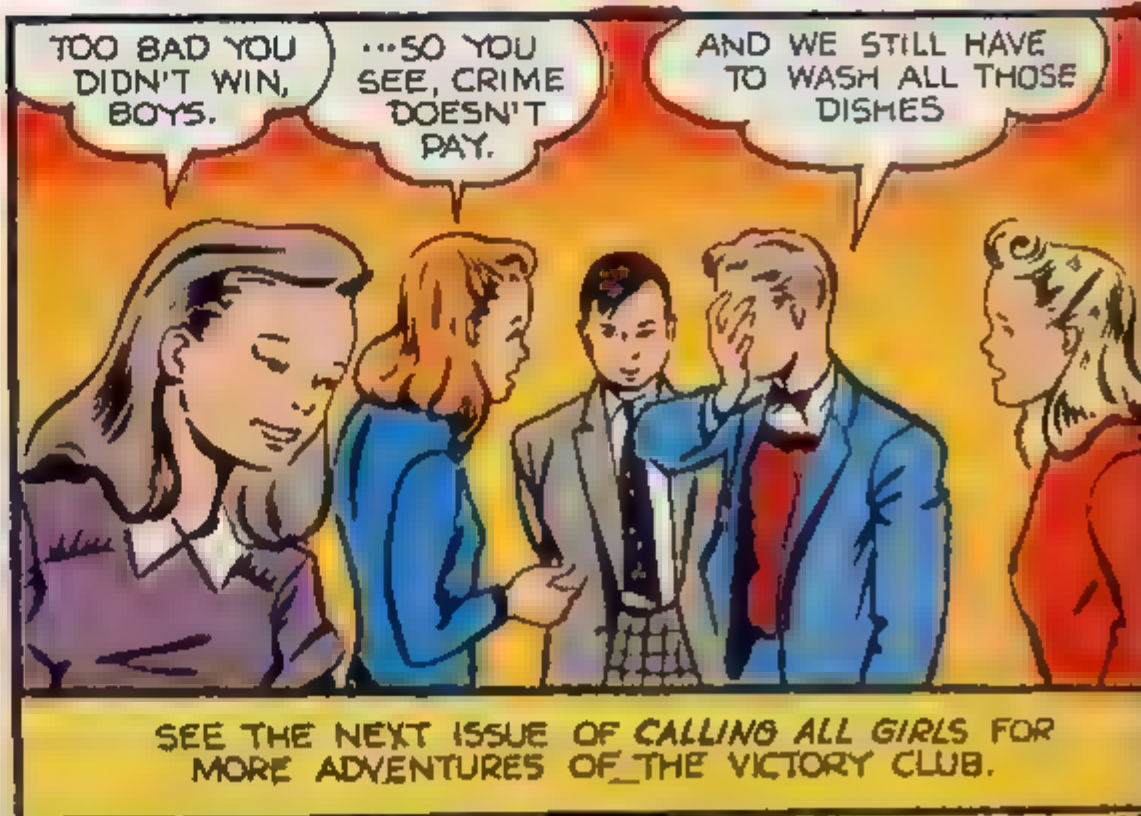
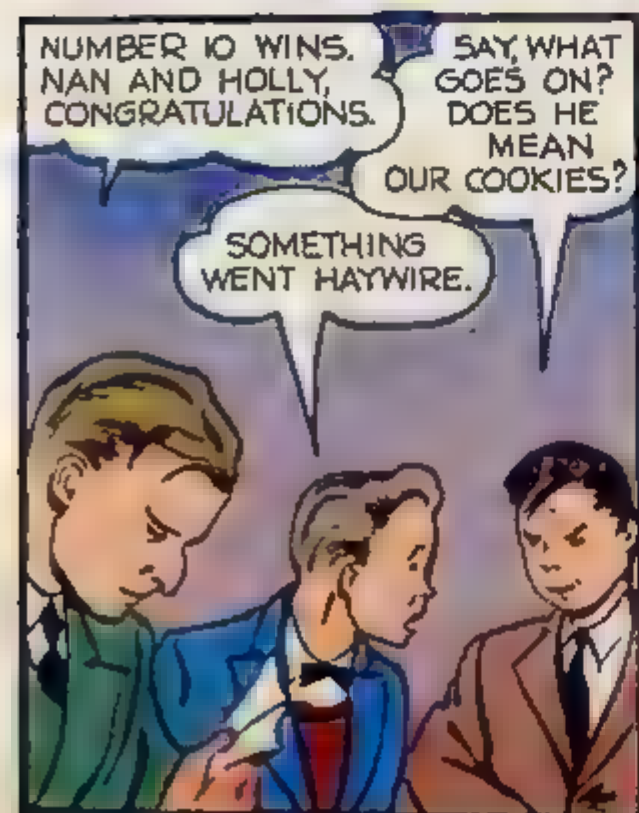
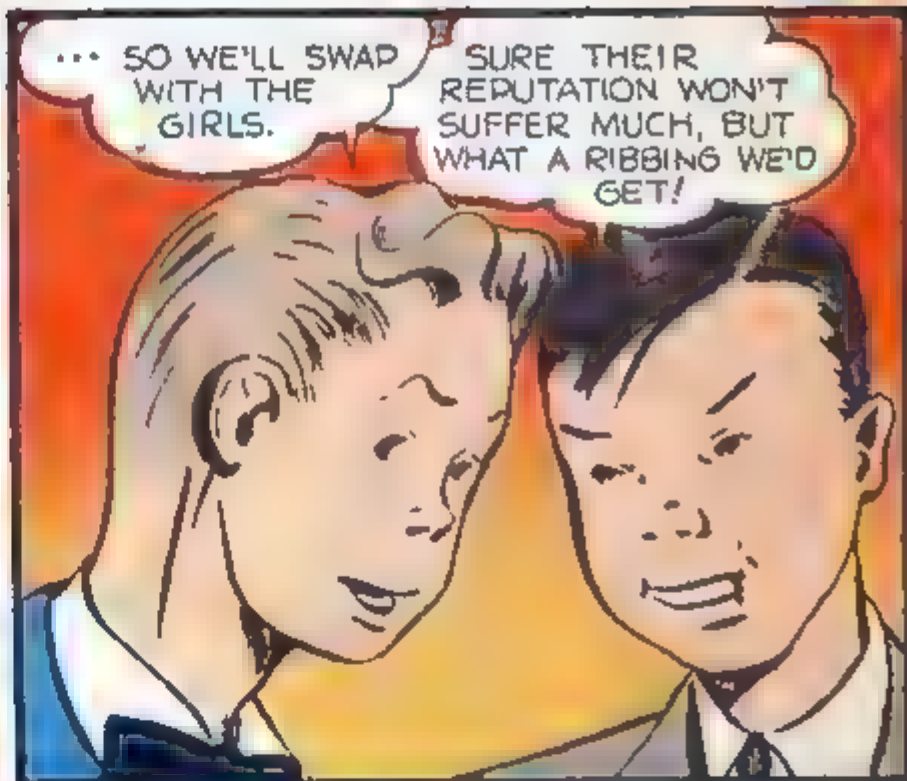
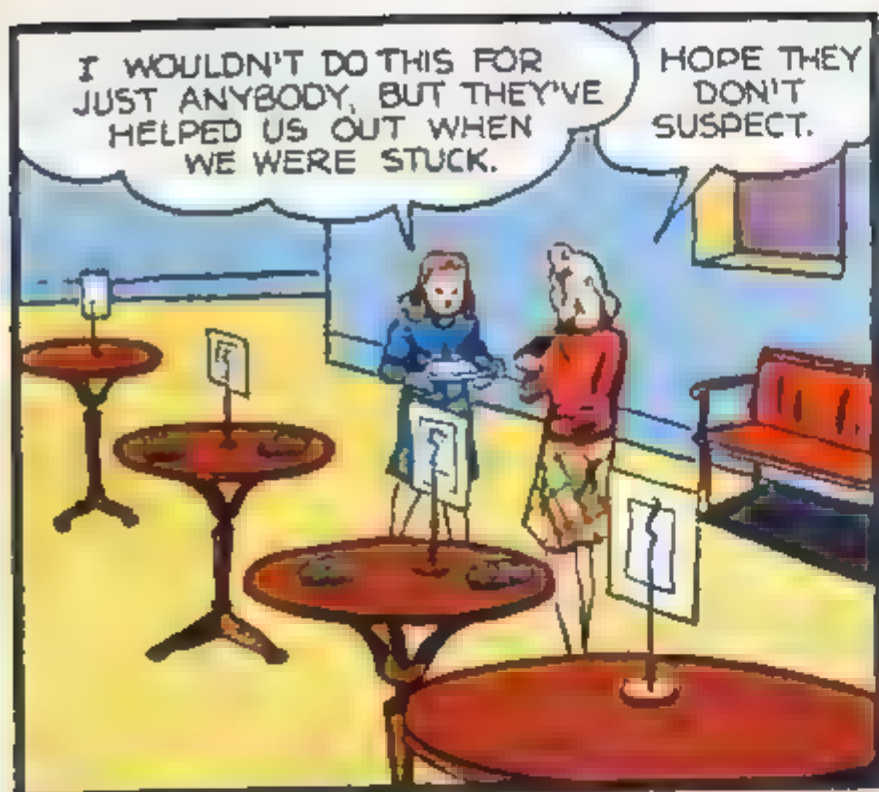
... AND WE'LL INVITE SOLDIERS TO COME AND VOTE FOR THEIR FAVORITE COOKIES.

SWELL! DO WE GET TO TASTE, TOO?









CURTAIN GOING UP

Elaine Drake knew all along that "Romeo and Juliet" was a tragedy, so she didn't expect the play to have a happy ending

By MARY BRINKER POST
Author of Stories for Girls



"Why don't you try out for a part, Elaine?" laughed Penny, but you could tell she didn't mean it.

WE WERE all dashing around in various stages of undress in the locker room after gym, babbling about the spring play and about who was going to try out for what.

"But what I want to know is, why *Romeo and Juliet*, that old crust," moaned Penny Buttrick. "Why did Miss Povey pick on Shakespeare?"

"What's the matter with *Romeo and Juliet* and what's the matter with Shakespeare?" asked an indignant voice out of the three-deep crowd at the mirror. We all turned and looked at Elaine Drake in amazement. Elaine is a mouse, very smart and studious, really nice but quiet, sort of a private person—if you know what I mean. You never thought of Elaine as pretty because she wears horn-rimmed glasses, no make-up, and clothes that are plain and quiet like herself.

"Oh—oh! That's right, I'd forgotten you were the Shakespeare fiend," laughed Penny. "Why don't you try out for a part, Elaine? Juliet—you'd make a marvelous Juliet." Of course, Penny didn't mean that. Penny thought she'd make a marvelous Juliet, being the class glamour girl and all-around menace.

Elaine slipped a bobby pin into place and then looked at Penny. "Yes," she answered quietly, "I believe I will." Then she picked up her Latin book and walked out of the locker room, leaving Penny with her mouth open.

"Well, for goodness sakes!" cried Penny. "Imagine that mouse as Juliet!"

Everybody laughed but me. All at once I wanted Elaine to get that part. I'd always liked her in a vague sort of way and somehow felt sorry for her.

She was never in things, always walking home alone. Everybody liked her, but nobody did anything about it. I grabbed my Latin book and hurried out after her.

"Gee, Elaine, I'm terribly glad you're going to try out for the play," I said, linking arms with her. "I think you'd make a swell Juliet and I hope you get the part."

"Why, thanks, Jean," she said, smiling shyly. "I guess I should not have jumped on Penny like that. But people make me mad. Just because Shakespeare is a classic, they don't like him. And, Jean—*Romeo and Juliet* is a lovely play. I saw it in San Francisco when I visited my Aunt Grace. It made me feel funny inside—you know; good, I mean." She got red and laughed in an embarrassed way. "I bet I sound like a dope."

"No, you don't," I answered quickly. "I know just what you mean. That's how I felt when I saw *How Green Was My Valley* last year. Sad and funny—but good."

We had the tryouts for the play that Friday. All the girls wanted to be Juliet but me. Personally, I know my limitations and what dramatic ability I possess is strictly unglamorous. I tried out for Juliet's nurse and got it, mainly because no one else wanted it. Penny and Elaine and a bunch of others tried out for Juliet. And to everyone's surprise and Penny's chagrin, Elaine got it! Penny had lots of poise and she was very dramatic, but she

read the lines so that they didn't mean anything. But Elaine, though she was scared and her voice was low, read the lines as if—well, as if she understood them and loved them.

"You'll have to work on your voice and you'll have to forget all about who you are so you won't be scared, Elaine. But I think you're it," barked Miss Povey in her loud, rasping, cheerful voice. Daddy once met Miss Povey at a Parents' Night Out the P.T.A. had and he said she had a voice like a hog caller, and she really has. But she's a good egg and a swell dramatic coach.

We worked like slaves during the weeks that followed the tryouts. It wasn't enough for Miss Povey that we learn our lines and manage to keep our faces to the audience and come onto the stage without knocking over the scenery. After we'd mastered all that, the real work began.

"Stop!" Miss Povey would bellow, pacing the aisle of the auditorium. "You're reading those lines as if you had hot potatoes in your mouth. Look—Mercutio was a gay dog, full of life and fun. Harley, you're turning him into a stuffed shirt. Loosen up, boy. Give! Make those lines sing!"

The only one of us who got the feel of the lines right away was Elaine. She said them as if she were used to talking in blank verse. The way she did the balcony scene was positively exciting. Even Penny, her understudy, had to admit she had something.

Once, after rehearsal, I tore out the front door to walk home with Elaine. She was halfway down the block and I opened my mouth to yell, "Wait!" And then I closed it again. Elaine wasn't walking home alone. Dick Parker was with her—he was Romeo in the play and not bad—and she was laughing and talking as easily as if he weren't one of the biggest shots in school! And with her face flushed and her eyes sparkling she was pretty.

Then came the first dress rehearsal, the Monday before the

play was to go on. All of us were in fine fettle, dressed up in costumes made by the home ec class, that is, all of us but Elaine.

"Gee, Elaine," I said. "What's the matter?"

"N-nothing," she answered, but when she went on the stage she just blew up, forgot her lines, talked so low Miss Povey had to keep calling to her to speak louder. After rehearsal I walked home with her and she told me.

"I haven't told my folks yet that I'm in the play, Jean. I'm afraid Father will be angry. He hates the theater, doesn't even go to the movies. I don't know what to do. I can't back out this late and I can't go ahead and not let my folks know. It's got me so jittery I can't even remember my lines."

"Gosh, Elaine," I said. "I think you'd better tell your dad. Explain to him how much it means to you and to the school. I bet he'd be proud of you, not mad."

"You don't know my father," she answered.

Well, all the rehearsals that week were terrible. Elaine was more jittery than ever. We all caught the spirit and forgot lines, bumped into each other making exits, until Miss Povey was hoarse with yelling at us. Only Penny looked hopeful.

Two days before the night of the play I made up my mind someone would have to do something and it might as well be me. So after dinner I marched down to Elaine's house and her father, as luck would have it, opened the door.

"Mr. Drake, I'm Jean Howard and I'd like to have a talk with you if you're not busy," I said, swallowing hard and trying not to be awed by his gold-rimmed glasses that he wore halfway down his nose, and by his long, stern face.



I talked fast, trying not to be overawed by the gold-rimmed glasses halfway down his nose, and his long, stern face.

"It's really terribly important."

"Indeed. Well, I believe I can spare you a few minutes, young lady," he boomed, looking sharply at me. He led me into his study, shut the door, and waved me to a chair. I sat down gingerly on the edge and plunged into my story.

Once or twice he opened his

"All right," he said. "Elaine may be in the play. But you needn't expect me to come and see her make a fool of herself." He walked to the door and opened it. As I passed his desk I dropped two tickets there, but he had his back to me and didn't notice.

If you've ever been in a school play you can imagine what it was like backstage Friday night. Everybody talking and giggling and running around like crazy. People making each other up,

others trying to remember tricky lines. Prop boys barging in and out, and Miss Povey everywhere at once telling us to be quiet.

The boys looked very dashing in black tights, and red and green velveteen doublets with long sleeves, and cotton lace ruffs around their necks and little gilt daggers stuck in their belts. Elaine was darling in her long, flowing blue sateen ball gown that looked like satin from a distance. Her fair hair, softly curled and caught back in a silver fish-net snood, was awfully glamorous. Of course, I looked goofy in a tall pointed hat with a veil, but I was supposed to, so I didn't mind.

I peeked through the peephole in the curtain while the orchestra was playing the overture — Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, of course—and I saw Mom and Pop and my kid brother, Jimmie, all dressed up and looking pleased and proud, sitting in the seventh row. People were still coming in, but the two seats in the fifth row center, the reservations I'd left on Mr. Drake's desk, were empty.

They were still empty when the first act ended. Elaine in the dressing room, changing for the second act, was very pale and I could see she was ready to cry.

"You were swell, Toots!" I cried, grabbing a powder puff to slap on my shiny nose.

"They didn't come, did they?" she asked in a choked voice.

"Not yet. But gee, there's plenty of time left. Maybe they forgot the tickets and had to go back for them," I said, but I felt sick, too. Gee, it's bad enough getting out on the stage and trying to do your best when you know your

(Continued on page 44)

mouth to interrupt me, but I kept right on talking. "And so, Mr. Drake," I wound up, "you see, it's terribly important for Elaine to be in the play. It's important for her and for the school, too. Elaine just makes the play. If she can't be Juliet it'll be a complete flop. Her understudy, Penny Buttrick, isn't half so good and besides, she'd like nothing better than for Elaine to drop out so she could have the part."

"Why didn't Elaine tell me all this herself?" he asked in a funny voice.

"I guess she was scared to. She was afraid you wouldn't let her be in the play."

"And you say she's good as Juliet?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Drake. She's swell. Why, nobody knew she could act, she's so quiet and shy. But, gosh, she's been like a different person since she got the part." There was a long pause and I waited breathlessly. Mr. Drake rubbed his chin with his thumb and looked out the window. Then he got up.

"Good night, good night!
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night
till it be morrow."

Globe-Emmett
 Globe
 The New York Times
 Toronto Daily Star
 Chicago Daily Tribune
 San Francisco Chronicle
 The News

Girls in the NEWS



Something for the boys. Doris Yeaton, 16, and her sister Irene, 13, of Chester, Pa., have cheered hundreds of servicemen with their accordion playing, singing, and dancing. The girls earned their Civilian Defense Volunteer Organization uniforms after 50 hours of work for the USO as entertainers.



1—Winners get a hand. Gloria Lauer, 17, of Ames, Ia., and Roy Schiff are congratulated by Vice President Wallace for winning Westinghouse Science Grand Scholarships of \$2,400 each. Gloria is also the Horizon Club Science Star.

Westinghouse Photo

2—Wing Scouts. Los Angeles, Calif., Senior Girl Scouts learn about aviation from the hangar up. An Army officer uses models to teach Scout Troop 255 to identify planes.

Paul Parker Photo

3—Ladies first. Runner-up in a scrap drive, Yola Jo Yookum, 12, of New Mexico, christened a Liberty Ship blessed by Archbishop Cantwell. The ceremony demands the feminine touch so scrap-drive winner "Connie" Davis stepped out of the race.

Wide World Photo

4—Down on the farm. The labor shortage hit the Nelson farm in Windsor County, Vt., so 16-year-old Marjorie Nelson has taken over the job of driving both the farm truck and the big farm tractor.



ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE



When her work is done, her place in the nose section of this Flying Fortress will be taken over by a Berlin-bound bombardier

Here are some girls behind the men behind the guns—girls who are keeping war materials rolling to the war fronts

By E. RUSSELL TROTMAN
Army Reserve Pilot

A PRETTY, blue-eyed blonde stands at one end of a room very like a high school classroom, facing a group of older men and women seated at desks. Faintly from outside comes the hum of powerful machinery, a backdrop of vibrant sound for the low voice of the girl. She is only a teen-ager, fresh from high school studies, yet today she is teaching older people to be inspectors and machine

operators in a big war plant.

In the same huge factory another girl stands before a complicated machine, her watchful eyes and skillful hands marking her as a highly accomplished operator. Even her work clothes and protective cap cannot conceal the fact that she is young—as are the hundreds of high school upper classmen and recent graduates who have become “soldiers of production” in war plants and

war industries in the United States.

The idea of high school girls working in defense factories was almost revolutionary. When manpower began to be a problem and plant officials showed an interest in high school students as possible workers, there was a big question in the minds of parents and of school officials. Should girls be allowed to work in factories? Would their health suffer? Could they keep up their studies if they worked, too?

The girls themselves realize the importance of these problems. They know that young people are among the country's

most important citizens because they are the builders of tomorrow. In normal times, nothing more would be expected of them than to prepare for their role, but a nation geared for war must draw on its youth reserves. And youth is eager to serve in this crisis, but the young recognize, too, that work must not interfere with their health, their education, or their leisure activities.

Paul J. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, has said that "in most cases youth under eighteen can best contribute to the war program by continuing in school, and, when their services are required, accepting suitable employment outside school hours and during vacations." And the formula set up by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor says that no one under sixteen should work in a factory or a mine, that young people's working conditions must safeguard their health and welfare, that the work must not be in excess of their strength and must not be dangerous, and that adequate meal and rest periods must be provided.

In sections of the country where teen workers are needed badly for war work and to release adults for war work, school authorities and school placement directors, together

with the older students and graduates who are eager to serve, work out programs which enable young people to continue in school, do their studying, and find employment for reasonable hours in places where working conditions are good.

Particularly where girls were concerned, the experiment has been on a probationary basis with both parents and schools. In most cases, it worked so well that the way has been opened for others.

How do they manage? Well, in Springfield, Massachusetts, for instance, many girls work on four- or five-hour shifts. Their subjects are arranged so that they finish classes at two o'clock in the afternoon. Then they stay in school to do their assignments. Usually they eat together downtown and go directly to the plant where they change into their work clothes and are ready to take over at five. Of course, the girls go right home and to bed when they finish their work at night, but they do have time off during the week which gives them a chance to go to the movies and to dances.

In Springfield, only girls over sixteen are employed in defense plants. The younger girls do lighter work. Miss Miller, Placement Director of Technical High School, has found that working does not interfere with

school attendance and that, if anything, the girls have benefited by the combination of work and study. One reason is that the girls want to prove that they are capable of keeping their grades up and of doing a war job, too.

At first, the girls wanted to wear their work clothes to school. There isn't any ban on slacks in the high schools, but the school authorities don't really approve of them. So now the girls who work wear regular clothes to school and change into their work uniforms when they reach the plant. Their "uniforms" are shirts and slacks or denim overalls. Because of the danger of catching hair in the machines they operate, the girls wear hair nets while they are on the assembly line, but they have invented novel ways to make their hair-dos attractive in spite of the protective nets.

The factory workers are as careful of their appearance at work as they are on a date, except that they don't go in for glamour, because they are there to do a job.

There was a lot of curiosity as to how the girls would be able to manage the intricate machines that men have traditionally operated. Put to the test, the girls came through with flying colors because they

(Continued on page 38)

A high school student takes a lesson in aircraft welding.

Girl electricians work on the wing of a Vega Ventura bomber.





Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

The trouble with our gang of six girls is gossiping. Most every day we talk about some member of the gang until now it has become a wicked habit. We stand on corners and criticize whoever is not with us. I and a few of the girls are against it but when one starts we all start. Will you please give us a solution in overcoming this terrible habit.—Mary C., aged 12, Massachusetts.

KNOWING what's wrong is half the battle! Mary and her friends who are "against gossiping" have already taken one step to help themselves stop this unpleasant practice.

But just to stop saying unkind or unfriendly things is not enough, of course. The girls will have to begin by trying to feel better about others. This means being tolerant, sympathetic, and understanding of others, and also looking for fine things which may be enjoyed, admired, and respected in one's own friends and acquaintances. Qualities of character, considerate, generous acts, and friendly spirits are deserving of recognition. Substituting one way of feeling and behaving for another can happen, when folks learn to care about others.

Mary and her pals will discover, too—when they begin to get rid of their "trouble"—that they will get back the echo of their own pleasant deeds and thoughts, they will make more friends and be happier. They probably have already discovered that loyalty and fair play create the finest friendships.

My teacher always picks on me. Every time I even glance across the aisle, she gets after me. What should I do?—Georgia B., aged 11½, Montana.

GEORGIA will find it helpful to remember the times when her teacher has been thoughtful and helpful. She will probably agree also that grownups cannot always be in top form, for they, too, sometimes have things to perplex, worry, and disturb them.

Georgia might also think of all she can do to be a helpful, earnest member of her class and to give her teacher no reason for having to find fault with her. She can't be perfect, of course; and we hope her efforts will be appreciated even if she's not a hundred per cent successful! When it is important to pay close attention, Georgia can see to it that she does not "glance across the aisle." We hope there are opportunities when the girls and boys in Georgia's class can move about freely. Georgia might ask her parents' and her teacher's help in finding out why she's in difficulty so often.

My sister has a baby and they live at home. My sister's husband is always working. Our fun is all spoiled. We cannot make any noise at all without someone saying, "Sh! You'll wake the baby."—Betty B., aged 10, Ontario.

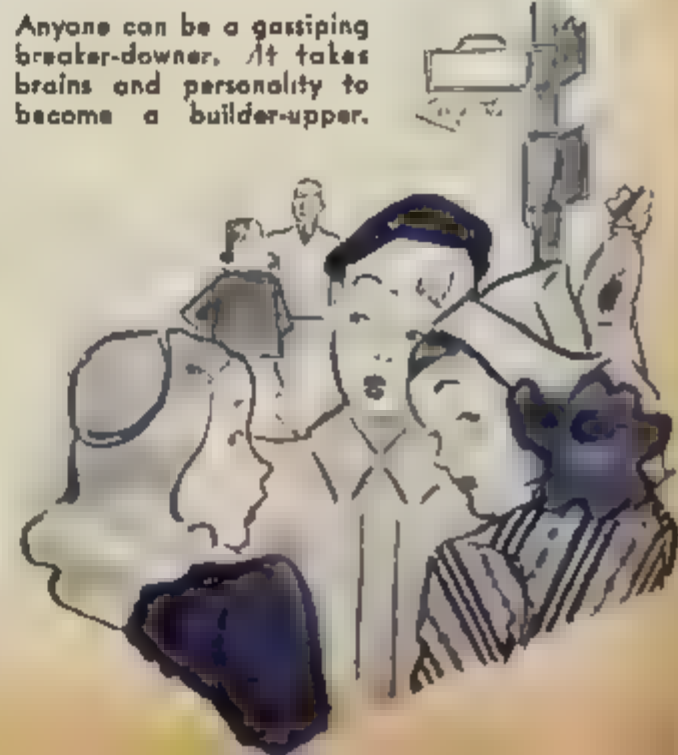
IT is hard for Betty to have her activities restricted so much! Many parents have

found that infants can learn to sleep quite well without seeming to hear, notice, or be greatly disturbed by the normal sounds and noises going on around them. Of course, we know that babies are not all the same nor have all had the same kind of early training. This baby may need some time to learn to sleep on peacefully, without expecting the entire family to be shushed.

Perhaps the household sleeping arrangements might be adjusted in some way and the baby put to sleep in some other room. Often a bit of joint thinking may result in working things out better for the convenience of all the family.

We have often said that a happy home is one where all those in the family try to consider each other's comforts, needs, health, and happiness. There are times when all this takes quite a bit of trying, but this just makes succeeding all the more wonderful.

Anyone can be a gossiping breaker-downer. It takes brains and personality to become a builder-upper.



I am graduating from the eighth grade this year, and will be ready for high school next fall. Mother and Dad want to send me to a girls' boarding school. But I want to go to a local high school with all my friends. If I do go to boarding school I'll lose most of my old friendships and the new ones I make will be of girls from all over the country. The high school I want to go to is one of good standing. Is there any way I can persuade my parents to let me stay here?—Amy F., aged 12, Ohio.

AMY would probably agree that when a decision has to be made about such an important matter every aspect must be carefully considered. Sometimes going away from home is a fine experience for certain young people. But in other cases going to school near home—especially in the early teenage years—is better for both the individual girl and the family involved.

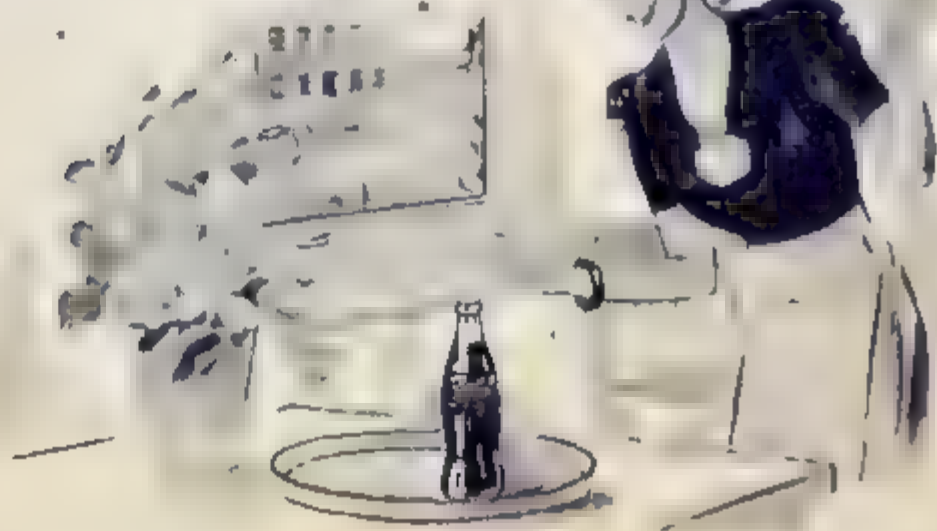
Amy seems willing to discuss the problem sensibly and to listen to her parents' point of view. She does not tell us why boarding school seems so very desirable to them. Perhaps they believe she's the kind of girl who has much to gain—in making friends, meeting new problems, and facing the challenge of being somewhat more on her own.

It is hard to leave tried and true friends and the dear, familiar surroundings. But some girls have overcome these difficulties most successfully, never regretting the schooling they received or the experiences they had in the new setting. We'd suggest that Amy ask her parents to go into all the aspects of the situation with her and that she think about arriving at a good decision rather than "persuading." And isn't it a good idea to remember, too, that few choices of this kind are necessarily permanent? A year at the new school might lead to her wanting terribly to stay there; or to agreement on the part of everybody that a return home is in order until later on.

ASK THE ARMY ENTERTAINER FROM THE TROPICS



"FLOWERS AND COCA-COLA
... JUST LIKE HOME"



"Something like that really occurred. You always enjoy it when you connect with a Coke no matter where. There's something about it that's special. All the difference between something really refreshing and just something to drink. Yes, indeed. The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself."



Sincerely Yours

One of your favorite movie stars tells you about her pet hobby of signing up other stars

By VIRGINIA WEIDLER

MY HOBBY is collecting autographs. My album is my most precious possession and contains the signatures of every movie star I was lucky enough to corner with a pen and paper.

Some people think it strange that anyone in pictures would be interested in collecting autographs. Believe it or not, after appearing in more than fifty films, I still thrill at the sight of Hedy Lamarr and rush for my autograph book when Spencer Tracy rounds the corner. And I am not alone in this hobby. Judy Garland, Eleanor Powell, Joan Crawford, and Kathryn Grayson are only a few of the Hollywoodites who collect autographs in some form or another.

This hobby, too, has its tricks of the trade. A little sleuthing will uncover the best spots to glimpse your favorites away from their jobs. The obvious places are taboo, as far as I'm concerned. That's where large crowds gather, making it impossible for the star to sign every book.

Of course, autograph hounds outside of Hollywood or Los Angeles aren't so lucky, but near the studios, neighborhood theaters at an early hour are good hunting grounds. So are the drive-ins. Beverly Hills beauty salons are best for stalking feminine stars and the village camera shop has usually yielded Robert Taylor or Bob Young—both candid camera fiends. Local gas stations, drug-stores, and knit shops provide a treasure trove of signatures.

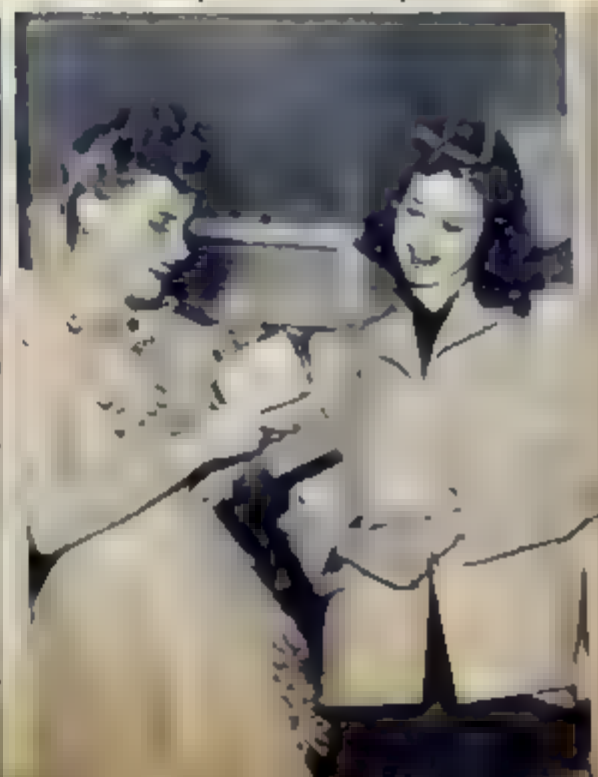
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Virginia looks pleased as she glances through her collection of autographed photos. Do you blame her?



On the MGM lot Virginia signs up Tammy Dorsey of the sweet or hot trombone . . .

. . . singing-star Judy Garland of the throaty voice with rhythm . . .



Wherever you are, there is a definite etiquette to this autograph hunting. I've found out through experience. For instance, never approach your favorite with a leaky pen. Be sure you know whom you're approaching! One of my most crushing moments came when a young girl rushed up to me and said, "May I please have your autograph, Miss Withers!"

Another hard and fast rule is—don't stare! Every time I see one of my favorites, it's all I can do to keep from scanning him closely. But I've discovered a wonderful cover-up. One day at the beach, Marlene Dietrich was sunning herself a few feet away and I couldn't take my eyes off of her. Then I had an idea. I adjusted my compact mirror at just the right angle and gazed to my heart's content. Everything was fine until one of my brothers remarked, "Don't you think you've admired yourself quite enough, Miss Weidler?"

Loose-leaf albums are handy and convenient. Many times I've run into a star whose signature I've been after for months. But I was without my album. Instead, a piece of paper served the purpose and I later inserted it into the album.

At first I was shy about asking. Then came the day when someone asked me for my autograph. That was the most thrilling moment of my life, and I realized what a great compliment it is to be asked. I've

never been shy about it since.

Besides my album, I have a guest book in my dressing room on the set with the signatures of every actor and actress with whom I have worked since my first day in pictures. Reading it over is like "going down memory lane." Every name reminds me of a certain picture and the pleasant things that happened. My room is lined with autographed pictures. On the set of "The Youngest Profession," my latest, I acquired four brand new ones that I'm particularly proud of. In the picture, I played the part of America's number one autograph seeker. That was one role which suited me in every way. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, and William Powell all played themselves in brief guest-star appearances. As each one worked, I hesitatingly asked for a photo. Mr. Powell wrote, "To Virginia—with all the good wishes of that old bit player—Bill Powell." He had only one line to speak in the picture and used to tease me about padding my part so much that there was only one line left for him. Robert Taylor asked me to remember with "kind thoughts the epic role" he played in the picture. He had two lines. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon gave me a combined photograph, signed, "To Virginia—thanks for giving us the opportunity to reunite Mr. and Mrs. Miniver in your picture." I hadn't thought of that,

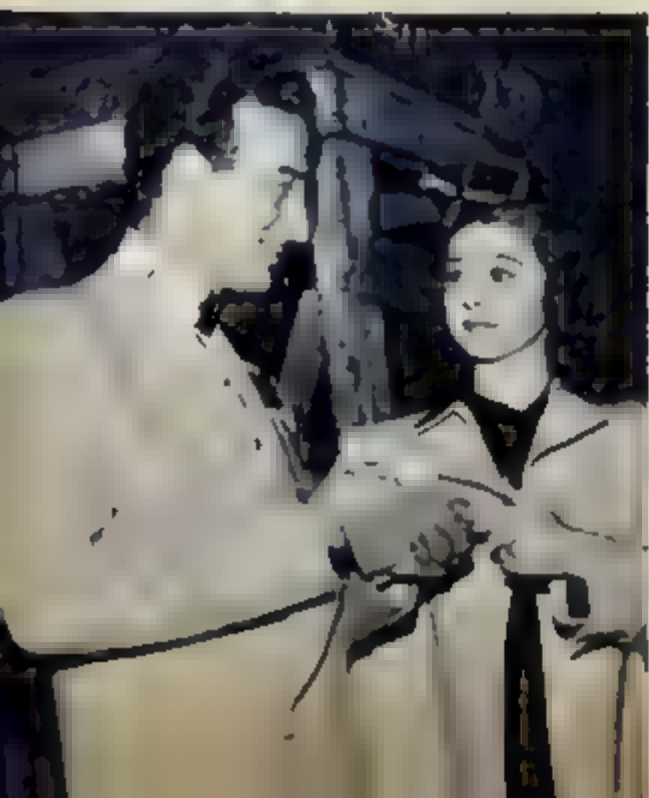
but it was the first time those two had been together since the Academy Award film was made.

I carried a photo of Bette Davis with me to the Hollywood Canteen, and waited for the moment to ask her to sign it. But she told me she had a much better one at home that she would bring the next night. And she did. It's a very lovely picture and I'm especially proud of it.

Secretly, my ambition is to be just like Rosalind Russell someday. When I confessed that to the studio, Jack Dawn created a hairdress just like hers for me and I had some pictures taken in it. If I do say so myself, I did look a little like her. A few days later, I saw Miss Russell and told her about it. Of course, I asked for her autograph, too, and she gave me one of the nicest in my collection.

Luck was with me last week, for the last two names in my book are, I think, invaluable. I was having lunch in the commissary when suddenly I looked up and almost upset my whole lunch, as I spied Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart walking in arm in arm. They were both in uniform. Is it any wonder I'm especially proud of the names Lieutenant Clark Gable, U.S.A., and Lieutenant James Stewart, U.S.A., boldly written across my autograph book? It made me so proud I even put a special border in red, white, and blue crayon on each leaf.

... band-leader Harry James whose trumpet playing sends the jitterbugs—and Virginia, too—out of this world...



... Mickey Rooney, who pulls a few tears as well as the usual laughs in his latest moving picture, "The Human Comedy"...



... and Lucille Ball, the versatile comedienne with whom Virginia appears in the screen version of "Best Foot Forward."





Sue does a Cinderella in reverse and Pam lays low the ghost who made the Barry apartment an unhappy place of mystery

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "July Bolton Mystery Stories" and "Jemima: Daughter of Daniel Boone"

"Music for the bride and groom," they shouted, and Shirley darted in before the others to throw rice.

The Final Installment

THE noise was maddening. Sue looked about for a way of escape, but there were laughing young people everywhere.

"Music for the bride and groom!" they shouted.

"Let's get the rice and throw it on them for luck," Pam sang out.

"We're the ones who need the luck," Sue murmured, but nobody heard her. The back door was open and she slipped out while the others went toward the front door.

But when Shirley saw who was with her father she darted in ahead of all the others and was the first to throw the rice.

Sue was glad of the darkness as she waited on the back

porch in her long dress and silver slippers. She couldn't bear the thought of meeting "Old Belle," as Mrs. Harper had called her. A breath of air might give her courage. In the living room the orchestra was playing Robin Adair. And then, suddenly, someone began to sing:

And, if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Ro-ob-I-in A-a-dai-ri!

A shadow fell across the porch floor and Sue turned in amazement to see Bob Harper standing beside her.

"You—you weren't singing?" she gasped.

"No, I wasn't singing. Let's go in and find out who's stolen my voice."

Sue would have followed him, but somehow she caught the

heel of her slipper on one of the porch steps and the slipper rolled off and fell to the lawn.

"Allow me, Cinderella," said Bob, bowing in imitation of the prince as he picked it up.

Sue whirled about indignantly as she heard someone clapping. It was her father. Shirley and Pam were dancing along at his side. He stepped up to Bob who was holding the slipper.

"Put it on her," he chuckled. "It isn't glass, but it'll serve the same purpose."

Shirley gave a little squeal of appreciation. "Isn't it just like one of Marty's fairy tales?"

"Not quite," Pam said. "The stepmother turned out to be the fairy godmother in this one."

"It's Aunt Annie!" cried Shirley who could not keep the wonderful secret any longer.

This must be Shirley's idea of a joke. Aunt Annie couldn't be the scheming woman Mrs. Harper had described. Sue turned to her father.

"Her name isn't Belle, is it? She didn't know Mrs. Harper?"

"Her whole name is Annabelle," he replied, "and I'm afraid Mrs. Harper didn't know her very well even though they were neighbors."

"It's a pity you couldn't have told us."

"But I did tell you," he protested. "Didn't you get my letter?"

"We got half of it," Pam told him. "Marty opened it and she dropped the other half in the hall. Georgie Draeger picked it up and thought his father had written it. And so he opened the door with the key you sent and played the records you wanted us to hear."

"The records!" cried Sue.

"Yes, they were in the closet on a shelf. The phonograph was there, too. The closet was back of your study, Dad, and so naturally the music sounded from the study. It scared us silly. Then I decided to watch the door and trap the ghost."

"And did you trap it?"

"I certainly did, but I had to dress up in a sheet and play ghost myself before it would give me the key. The ghost was more frightened than we were. As I told you, it only went in because of a mistake."

"But that was Georgie Draeger," Sue objected. "You can't tell me he's the ghost that terrified the whole building."

"And stole my voice," Bob added. "But it's true. He told me he went in the empty apartment only to practice because he was afraid his singing would disturb his mother. He practiced a little dancing, too."

"The waltz, I suppose, to the tune of 'Three O'Clock in the Morning'?"

"Yes," Pam admitted. "That was one of the records, but it was the top three that Dad especially wanted us to hear."

"When Aunt Annie and I discovered we were in love, we thought you girls might enjoy piecing together the old romance," Mr. Barry explained. Pam laughed.

"We had to piece together your letter first, Dad. Our half ended 'Your Dad' and Georgie's half began 'is Aunt Annie's husband' so neither of us knew what it was about."

Now Sue began to see light.

"I guess poor Mrs. Draeger thought her husband and Aunt Annie had been having a romance. That's why she said you couldn't trust a man. As soon as she missed her

sheets she knew Georgie and Pam were the pair of ghosts. But she wouldn't tell us for fear we'd blame Georgie. I still can't believe that was his voice."

"Seeing is believing," Bob interrupted. "Let's go in."

Georgie was partly hidden behind a large fern beside the piano and he was singing in a voice amazingly like Bob Harper's. First George sang "Robin Adair" while Robin himself, in the form of Mr. Barry, sat listening. As Sue watched his face she could easily imagine her distinguished-looking father as the romantic Robin who parted with his sweetheart in the song.

Next came "Kathleen Mavourneen" and then "Belle Brandon" which was, of course, Aunt Annie's name. When the names were changed around as the note said, the sad story of Belle Brandon became that of Kathleen and the words of Kathleen Mavourneen took on a new meaning. Pam explained this in whispers to her two sisters while Georgie sang blissfully on:

Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon
we must part?
It may be for years and it may be
forever . . .

"I'm glad it wasn't forever," Pam said. "We knew Aunt Annie so well and yet we never dreamed she ever loved anyone except Uncle Joe."

"But, Dad," Sue whispered, "Mrs. Harper said she married Uncle Joe for his money. She couldn't have married you . . ."

"For my money? Not a chance! You can't fully understand this," he went on, "unless you realize how fond she was of your mother. They were inseparable until Aunt Annie decided to go away. Neither of us has ever regretted her decision."

"You mean—oh, Dad! They were both in love with you and she went away on purpose so you would marry Mother." She turned to Bob reproachfully. "You see how unselfish she was. It's almost like having two mothers."

"Like having three," Bob told her. "My mother says you've



The silver slipper rolled off and fell to the lawn. "Allow me, Cinderella," said Bob, bowing low.



"That was the clue Pam was talking about all the time, wasn't it?" Sue cried.

been like a daughter to her."

"I'm fond of your mother, Bob, but I can't understand..."

"You will," Bob promised. "Mom's swell, but she's human. Even good mothers can make mistakes. Let's go in and clear up this whole thing."

They found Mrs. Harper in the kitchen with Aunt Annie. They were busy preparing the refreshments, and Bob's mother was saying, "It would have been different if I hadn't taken so many things for granted. A rich woman naturally married for money and because there were no children around, I just jumped to the conclusion that you didn't like them."

"And all the time that big house seemed so lonely without them. That's why Joe and I moved into the apartment. The children next door made it bearable. And then I discovered that their mother was my old friend, Kathleen."

"We discovered something, too," Pam announced, bursting in with her lost book of poetry. "This was in the living room, but don't

ask me how it got there." She began to read:

Would you that spangle of Existence
spend
About THE SECRET—quick about it,
Friend!
A hair perhaps divides the False and
True . . .

"That was the clue you were talking about all the time, wasn't it, Pam?" Sue interrupted. "We didn't know the secret and so we believed the false. Oh, Aunt Annie, can you

ever forgive me for thinking all those horrid things about you?"

"I am the one who should ask forgiveness," Mrs. Harper said. "I had no right to prejudice the girls against a stepmother."

"But you met her," Sue said, turning puzzled eyes to Bob. "You described her to me—such an ugly, witchlike old woman."

"If you had been a little boy stealing peaches, Sue dear, I might have seemed so to you," Aunt Annie said.

"Stealing peaches!" cried Sue and Bob's mother, horrified.

"I was only a kid," Bob began, but Sue was thinking of something that had been stolen more recently right from the Harper living room.

"But where are Marty's book and all Dad's manuscripts and the bird?"

"Let me explain this," Aunt Annie put in quietly. "It was your father himself who took those things out of the drawer. He made a quick business trip home with an editor who wanted to see his manuscripts at once. He and your father hurried back to the convention with the contents of the desk drawer—books, manuscripts, and all. Pam's letter was waiting. Your father may be a clever writer, Sue, but just look at this masterpiece!"

Dear Dad:

I am writing to ask you some questions. This letter is being censored so I'm writing it in lemon juice. I'll make it short and to the point. We are invited to the music club party but Shirley can't go because of Marty. Sue heard about your wife at the Harpers'. I am afraid we have exaggerated the importance of some of the things Bob Harper told her. He is president of the music club and its affairs. Billy and I were talking and he advised me to write you, but Sue objected to it. Dad, about Sue. She is taking all the responsibility and getting more and more nervous. We quarrel though I do try to be kind and helpful. We all miss Aunt Annie. If you know her address please tell her strange music comes from her apartment. If she has a key have her send it. This is important. Our apartment actually seems to be haunted. Two of our books have disappeared and things are not just as cozy and homelike as ever. We feel happy and carefree and safe with you here, but unhappy and frightened and puzzled and discontented without you. If you read between the lines you'll see we need you even if you are married to a woman who can't possibly love you. Remember the secret you told me about the lemons?

Your loving daughter, Pam.

Sue read Pam's letter with increasing amazement. It was twice as long as it had been when Pam first sent it.

"I can't understand where all those other lines came from," Sue said when she had finished reading, "and how do they happen to be written in that queer brownish ink?"

"That was the secret about the lemons," Pam said. "That brown ink was really lemon juice. It's invisible until heat is applied to it. It got by your censorship, Sue, and I suspect it's the reason why Dad called me up."

"Was the editor tall and thin and did he have a gray mustache like Uncle Joe?" Sue asked.

"Now that I think of it," Aunt Annie admitted, "I believe he had." She turned to Shirley.

"And the bird is safely back in its cage. It was nearly exhausted from beating its wings against the window in my old apartment. It must have flown in when Georgie opened the door and trapped itself under the window shade."

"That accounts for that drumming noise we heard!" exclaimed Shirley.

The girls were quiet for a minute as each one pieced together in her mind the parts of the puzzle that had baffled them.

"You really solved the whole mystery," Shirley told Pam admiringly.

"You certainly had us guessing," Sue admitted, "but what on earth did you mean when you said the ghost was real?"

"It was, wasn't it?" she replied. "Its name was Misunderstanding. If you can think of a more genuine ghost, I wish you'd tell me."

"That's what we'll tell everybody," announced Sue. "I see it all now. Our apartment was haunted! Lots of houses and apartments and even whole countries are. It just goes to show you how a story can grow out of almost nothing until..." She paused, thinking of large troubles in a world still divided.

(Continued on page 41)

"TEACHER'S PET"



IT'S teacher's "pet" booklet and it will be yours, too, when you read "As One Girl To Another"—and learn the answers to certain questions all girls ask. Questions that may have puzzled you, about what to do and not to do on those "difficult" days each month.

"As One Girl To Another" is cram-packed with helpful pointers on dancing, bathing, hiking, tennis, swimming, social contacts. What's more, it contains a special, eighteen-month calendar for a girl's personal use.

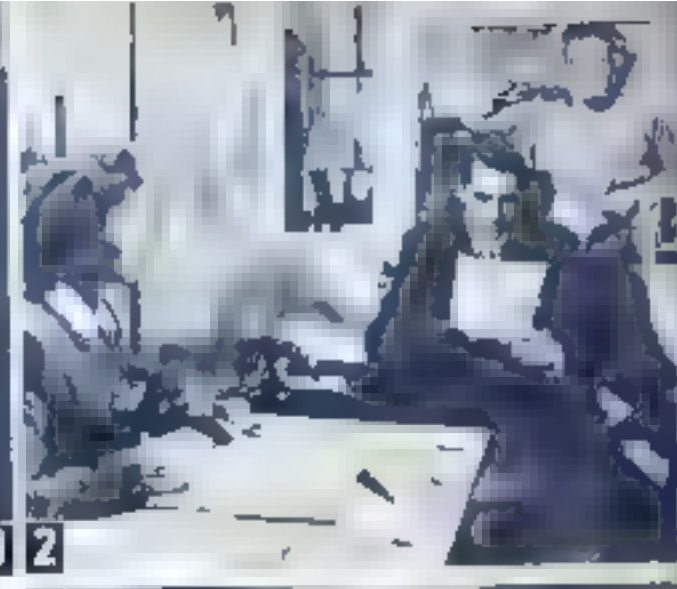
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Katharine Cornell (left) and Helen Hayes (right) are among the many stage stars in 'Stage Door Canteen'. The film gives a glimpse of the glamour-filled contests set by actors in New York and Hollywood for united Nations servicemen. (U.A.)



IF THE MOVIES WERE

Joint Rationed

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

DON'T be alarmed—we're not suppressing movie movies this "rationing" in all its guises. Even if they have to make fewer new ones, we can live our old favorites over again. But we've been counting on our fingers so much lately trying to get the most current goods for our pocket, as well as our money. And we got to thinking of movies in terms of point value. For there is one shortage which

may cut down our movie going—and that is, we have less time for films, when with war activities and helping at home. So if you look upon available hours as points, you are probably already limited to where a moviegoer can spend a month you can spend at the movies. You want more points—that is, a program of entertainment and inspiration. We hold all this in mind when choosing films as contenders for your movie ration.

1 Mickey Rooney in 'Home Made' (MGM) says he's singing a birthday telegram to the girl he has been and she didn't invite him to her party. The 'Home Made' is worth double points if we suggest seeing it twice. (MGM)

2 Cary Grant is a carefree charmer in 'Mr. Lucky' but war and Loretta Day change his gentlemanly attitude. (RKO)

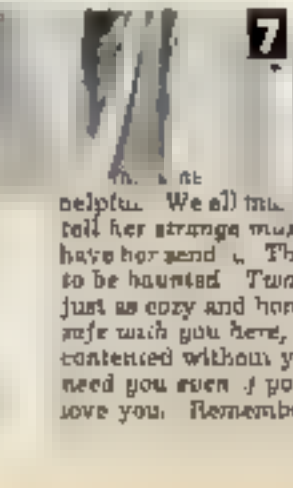
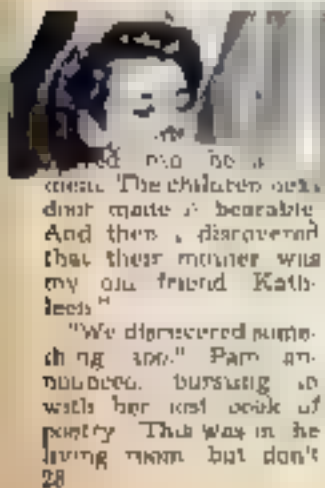
3 President Roosevelt sent Joseph E. Davies to Moscow to get an unbiased report on Russia and its people. Mission to Moscow is Mr. Davies' story giving a delightful picture of the Russian in their homes as well as dramatizing the tragedy of a blind world stumbling to war. (Warner)

4 Susan Hayward doesn't have to hide her charms in 'Millions of Dollars' (1942) she usually plays tough in love. John Cornell's big-egg, 190 makes point-some war spirit. (RKO)

5 In 'The Land Is Mine' Charles Laughton is idealistic leader of an invaded country, so afraid of physical violence he travels to the Nazis. But when Laurence O'Hara (brother) is killed for belonging to German forces, Laughton rises to equal courage in helping the Nazis in his own intellectual sphere. Point-hours spent at this film will give you much to think about—how to choose, for instance, if the enemy is liberty. (RKO)

6 Jane Eyre isn't finished, but here are lovely Jean Fontaine at Jane Eyre, Jean Fontaine as Mr. Rochester. (Fox)

7 Virginia Weidler in 'The Youngest Profession' shows how teens look when carrying mature class and manner. World and her gang are out-of-control. (MGM)



"We discovered something new," Pam announced, bursting in with her first book of poetry. This was in the living room, but don't

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helpful. We all thought Ann told her strange music comes from her house. This is important to be haunted. Two of our books have just as cozy and homelike as ever. We safe with you here, but unhappy and frayed contented without you. If you read between need you even if you are married to a who love you. Remember the secret you told Yours



Goober Goodies

Whether they are "legumes" or "goobers" or "nuts" to you, peanuts make these recipes extra special

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

DO you think peanuts are "the nuts"? Sorry, but you're mistaken. For, technically speaking, they're "legumes"! "Family Leguminosae," if you know your horticulture, and a relative of peas and beans. Down South, of course, they call them "goobers," and let it go at that.

Maybe when you were very young you thought of them as "zoo food" and as just a running mate to popcorn. Or maybe you nicknamed them "circus stuff." But every good cook knows that a peanut's real place is in the kitchen. We're more convinced of that than ever because we've just finished testing and tasting some of the wonderful recipes the readers of CALLING ALL GIRLS sent in to our Peanut Recipe Contest. What a variety! Everything from Peanut Butter Soup to Peanut and Carrot Loaf. You were all so enthusiastic about sending us recipes that if all the shells of all the peanuts you used were put together we think we'd have a peanut chain that would stretch around the world.

Mary Jane Sturm, of St. Ber-

nard, Ohio, wins the big prize in our peanut chain, and the name of her recipe is Blitz Torte. "Blitz" means "lightning" and a torte is a rich variety of cake on the sweet-sticky side, or so Webster's Dictionary says. Anyway it's a name that has a wartime ring. Remember Hitler's Blitzkrieg? Lightning warfare, to you. We don't know why this famous Viennese torte is called a "Blitz" but maybe for the same reason that a Turkish dish, named for the action of the king who first tasted its breathtaking, unimaginable deliciousness, is called "The King Fainted."

Blitz Torte isn't exactly designed for wartime because it uses both shortening and sugar. However, it really was the most imaginative recipe in our contest and we couldn't help picking it. Consult your mother on the state of the ration cupboard before you set out to make it. Lots of families have fresh fruit desserts often these days and save their shortening and sugar for one scrumptious bang-up feast. If that's what yours likes to do, Blitz Torte is the answer.

PEANUT BLITZ TORTE

1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 1/4 cups powdered or granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs, separated
3 tablespoons milk
1/2 cup chopped roasted peanuts

1—Get out ingredients listed above and utensils needed:

mixing bowls and spoons; measuring cups and spoons; spatula; rotary egg beater; flour sifter; squares of paper for sifting; chopping equipment and cake pans.

2—Butter cake pans and prepare oven for 350° F.

3—Sift flour, then measure 1 cup and put measured flour back in sifter. Add baking powder and salt, mix, and sift again.

4—With back of spoon against mixing bowl, cream shortening until soft.

5—Add 3/4 cup sugar gradually, beating until fluffy after each addition. Add flavoring.

6—Separate eggs. Add yolks, two at a time, beating after each addition.

7—Stir in 1/2 cup flour, then 3 tablespoons milk, then other 1/2 cup flour. Spread in 2 layer-cake pans.

8—Beat egg whites with rotary beater until frothy. Gradually beat in remaining sugar until whites are thick and glossy. Spread this meringue evenly over two layers of batter in cake pans. Sprinkle with chopped peanuts. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

9—When cool, remove carefully from pans and put cake sides together with filling so the meringue is at top and at the bottom. If filling is soft and oozy like our Apple Cream, we suggest using only a thin layer and passing an extra bowl of it for topping.

Now, as to a filling for your masterpiece. Since blitzes are

the order of the day here's another lightning surprise for you. Did you say whipped cream was out for the duration? Yes, but this pinch hitter called Apple Cream isn't.

APPLE CREAM

- 1 egg white
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup grated apple
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice

1 Get out ingredients listed above and utensils needed: rotary egg beater; mixing bowl; measuring cups and spoons; large mixing spoon; medium-size grater.

2 Beat egg white until frothy. Add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually while beating.

3—Add grated apple and remaining 2 tablespoons sugar alternately as you continue to beat.

4—Squeeze 1/2 teaspoon of juice from lemon wedge, and beat into egg white mixture.

5 Serve with Blitz Torte as suggested or use instead of whipped cream as topping for other dishes.

Now that the weather is getting warm everyone will be looking for new and long cool drinks to make. Here's a luscious one Kathryn Ann Havens, of Dodge City, Kansas, sent us. Spring it on your friends'

PEANUT BUTTER MILK SHAKE

- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 4 tablespoons 1/4 cup honey
- 4 cups milk
- 2 eggs (if desired)
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream (if desired)

1 Get out ingredients listed above and utensils needed: rotary egg beater; 2 large mixing bowls; mixing spoon; measuring cups and spoons.

2—Grease cup or tablespoon before measuring honey so it will slide out easily. With back of spoon stir peanut butter and honey together until creamy.

3—Gradually add milk, stirring until smooth after each addition.

4—In another bowl beat eggs with rotary beater. Gradually add milk and peanut mixture to them, beating as you do so.

5—Add vanilla ice cream, beating until smooth. Or place a serving of ice cream in each tall glass and fill with the milk shake.

We've made Kathryn's Peanut Butter Milk Shake without the ice cream and the eggs and found it delicious even that plain. Try it both ways whichever suits the kitchen budget.

Ruth Miller, of Medina, Ohio, sent us what she calls a "Health Salad." We discovered it tasted awfully good besides being good for you. Ruth says "it's delicious without the raisins, too." So if the cupboard is bare of raisins, don't let that keep you from trying this recipe.

ROSY CHEEK SALAD

- 1 cup grated carrots
- 1 cup grated or finely chopped cabbage
- 1/2 cup chopped salted peanuts
- 1/2 cup washed chopped raisins (if desired)
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Mix carrots, cabbage, peanuts, and raisins together. Add dressing. Serve cold. Serves 6-8.

Roy Rogers

and SMILEY BURNETTE
battle the Saboteurs in

KING OF THE COWBOYS



with BOB NOLAN and
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS
and PEGGY MORAN
GERALD MOHR • DOROTHEA KENT • LLOYD CORRIGAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Hear Roy sing "Deep in the Heart of Texas,"
"I'm An Old Cow Hand" and 6 others

Shaggy hair that wouldn't stay put with any amount of coaxing was the bane of this teenor's life. She put herself in the hands of a good operator and emerged with a soft permanent and a cute hair-do. Photographs courtesy of Charles of the Ritz, New York City



LONG MAY IT *Wave*

Permanents are as old as Cleopatra, who rolled her hair in pin curls and baked it in the Nile mud. But the methods are new!

By NELL GILES
Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

TWENTY years ago, a permanent wave meant half a day in the beauty parlor, twenty-five to fifty dollars less in your pocket, and more kink than curl for your pains.

Your big problem today is whether or not to have a permanent wave, and that is something you should iron out with your mother. There are a few points that may help you decide. A good permanent wave does not harm healthy hair. It may be slightly drying, but regular care makes up for that and a permanent wave is less harmful than daily curling with a hot iron or even with metal pins. Permanent waving won't hurt hair that has a slight natural wave, but there's no point to getting a permanent if you have naturally curly hair. If

your hair waves easily and with very little coaxing stays put, you should think twice about getting a permanent.

Then there are the girls who really do look better with straight hair. Of course, if lank, unmanageable locks are giving you a hopeless outlook on life, the picture is different. And, finally, when you consider permanents, think in terms of end permanents. Smooth hair on top is more youthful looking and usually more becoming.

You must remember that a permanent wave is not a permanent hair-do. Your hair will need just as much brushing and shampooing and setting with a permanent as it did without one. The permanent just makes it possible for you to wear your hair in a variety of ways, with-

out a headful of supporting pins. It makes setting easier, but doesn't do away with that chore, for there isn't anything droopier looking than permanently-waved hair that has been dried without setting. What should have been ringlets hang in limp depression.

Even the best permanent in the world given by the most experienced operator will not turn out well if your hair isn't in good condition. If your diet isn't good, your hair will reflect your mistake. The dirt and oil that collect in your hair must be brushed away and washed away faithfully. So, before you even think about a permanent, get your hair in condition and give it extra exercise. Brush an added fifty strokes a day. Wiggle your scalp with your fingertips until you feel it loose and pliable. Pull your hair gently at the roots. And if there is any old permanent left in your

hair, have it cut off before you get a new one.

When you get a permanent, your hair is softened with chemicals and curled into a new shape with heat. There are machineless waves in which the chemical pad provides the heat, but the heat can't be controlled by the operator. That is why a good machine wave is usually more successful. Then there are spiral and croquignole waves. These are just different ways of winding the hair. There is also a combination of spiral and croquignole which costs more because it takes more time.

There is actually little difference in the cost of chemicals used in an expensive and an inexpensive permanent, but spending a little more for good workmanship pays. Even if your mother thinks it all right for you to try a home permanent kit, remember that it requires skill to wind your own curls expertly enough to get a pleasing or lasting wave. You must follow the directions to the letter, and perhaps have someone wind your curls for you if you want a wave that is neither too kinky for beauty nor too loose to last. A poor permanent has to grow out before you can get a better one!

Once you are sure of a good operator, you can trust her judgment on how much heat and what chemicals are best for your particular hair. But it is not fair to rush the operator. Your impatience will fluster her and ruin your chances of having a good permanent. You'll have to live with the permanent; the operator won't!

And now you are set: your hair is in good condition, you have plenty of time and a skilled operator, you have decided how you prefer to wear your hair, and it has been thinned, shampooed, and dried. Now comes the all-important test curl—the experimental curl which helps determine how much heat and what strength solution your hair needs. Be sure that a test curl is made, unless, of course, the same operator has done your

hair before. Some hair curls in a matter of seconds, others need minutes to "take."

A too-tight, overdone permanent is no economy. You may think it will last longer, but it is harder to manage than straight hair and never looks natural. Too much heat or too strong alkali will make your hair brittle and lifeless. A good permanent gives you soft and natural hair and doesn't affect your scalp.

After you emerge from the machine, your hair will get another wetting and a set. Watch the operator closely so that you can learn to do your hair at home. Ask a few questions about the way she sets the pin curls.

You emerge from your ordeal with a handsome hair-do. From here on, your hair is, literally, in your hands. Don't spare the brush! It will help keep the curls in place. Shampoo energetically and regularly. Mas-

ter the trick of setting those curls while your hair is still damp. You won't have an expert's touch at first, but you will find that if you keep trying, it won't be long before you'll be known as the girl whose fingers have a magic touch for making hair stay put. You'll find it fun, too, to experiment with your hair and the permanent will make the experimenting much easier. Don't get into a rut just because you have a permanent and wear your hair the same way all the time. You can do tricks with those pin curls so that they'll comb out to curls, waves, pompadours, or fluff.

And on days when your hair just won't behave, remember Cleopatra. If she did so well with a little mud, what can't you do with the aid of a streamlined permanent wave, modern combs, brushes, and hairpins, and an up-to-date outlook on hair-dos and don't's?



JOAN CARROLL

Darling child star of RKO-Radio's "Petitfoot Lullaby" is pictured above with her adorable Charm-Kurl permanent wave.

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Dyed or bleached hair is a problem when it comes time for a permanent. But many women have found that Charm-Kurl waves their dyed hair as beautifully as it does natural hair. In fact, some of them tell us that Charm-Kurl is the only permanent wave that will "take" on their hair. If your dyed hair is a secret, Charm-Kurl will keep it so.

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A flood of letters of praise come in daily from mothers everywhere. Charm-Kurl must satisfy you as it has satisfied others or it will cost you nothing to try. Don't send a penny. Just send name and address and it will be sent to you C.O.D. for \$5.00 plus postage (or \$1 plus postage for 3 kits) with the understanding that if you are not thrilled and delighted with results, your money will be returned. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain, so take advantage of this special offer. Send today.

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POS-LAM

Susan Says

MY favorite character in fiction is Ronald Perry who is portrayed in “All-American,” by John R. Tunis. Ronnie is just as ordinary as you or I and also lives in the cockeyed world that most teens live in. His chief interest is in football but he also takes part in many of the activities of the large public school he goes to. He gets into many scrapes and not always does he come out on top. Just as you or I, Ronnie and his friends like to go to the soda fountain around the corner after school. I think Ronnie’s super. As a football story this has speed and tension, but I like it better as a story of American youth.

By BARBARA ANN OUDERKIRK
aged 14, St. Johnsville, New York

Would you like to write “Susan Says”? This month write 150 words on “What I Think of Spring Music.” Entries must reach us by June 15th. We will print and will pay \$3.00 for the best “Susan Says” from a girl. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



At Ease!

Do you shudder at being master of ceremonies for introductions?

Be yourself and make it a pleasure all around

By ELENA CHANCE
Who Knows Her Do's and Don't's

MONTHS ago, when American soldiers first began to appear on the streets of the British Isles, English girls were warned not to take offense if they were greeted by Yankee soldiers with a flip, “Hiya, Babe!”

“That is just the American slang,” the British interpreters explained, “for ‘how do you do.’”

But even though slang is dear to your heart, you know there are times when “Hiya,” or “What’s cookin’,” or “What’s buzzin’, cousin,” won’t get past the censors.

You feel as though there’s a special gremlin who makes your new biology teacher turn down High Avenue at the very

moment you and Mother are walking up High Avenue. You can’t suddenly push Mother into a doorway until Mr. Stern is safely past and you can’t just pretend you don’t know Mr. Stern. You pin your wobbling hopes on Mr. Stern’s absentmindedness—either he won’t see you or he’ll smile vaguely and wander past. But the hope evaporates as he approaches with a warm smile of recognition, removes his hat, and comes to a stop before you and Mother.

Everything you have ever heard about making introductions buzzes distractedly in your head, until finally you half mumble, half gasp something that practically leaves it up to Mother and Mr. Stern to straighten out their identities.

Maybe it is because you have

heard and read too much about the ways you help one person make the acquaintance of another. Most of the complicated formulas you may file for future reference. It's not likely that you'll be called upon single-handed to introduce the Crown Prince of Erewhon to the Queen of Ptomaine, or the Governor to the President, or the Rabbi to the Archbishop. For your purposes, just keep in mind those two familiar phrases: ladies before gentlemen, and age before—youth, instead of beauty.

And for a foolproof formula, all you need do is say—but clearly and distinctly—the names of the people you are introducing, giving the lady's name first or the older person's name first. It's as easy as this:

"Mother, Mr. Stern, my biology teacher."

Mother and Mr. Stern will take on from there with "How do you do," etc.

You won't dread making introductions, if you keep in mind that you are bringing together two people who may become great friends. Make it a happy start by the way you do it. If you are at ease, you will put the two strangers at ease. If you smile and your voice is friendly, the friends-to-be will react to them both.

You may throw in some information that will help cement the new friendship:

"Celeste has a fine stamp collection, too, Mike."

"Mother, Mr. D'Auria has a new kind of lettuce in his victory garden that you would like."

Avoid well-meant but embarrassing build-ups, such as "Lucille's father is president of the bank." That kind of information smacks of showing-off and puts the third person on the defensive.

If you are on the receiving end, just acknowledge the introduction with a pleasant "How do you do." A good trick is to repeat the name of your new acquaintance. That will help you remember and it adds a personal touch. If you

are meeting someone you have heard a great deal about, it is perfectly all right to add, "I've looked forward to meeting you, Marcia." Steer clear of "Pleased to meet you" which has degenerated into "Pleased-tameecha" and is considered poor taste.

Girls and women don't as a rule bother shaking hands. If you are meeting a boy or a man, whether or not you exchange a handclasp depends on you. He'll wait for you to make the first move. If you want to, go ahead, but make it a firm, comfortable gesture of welcome.

If you are sitting down when someone is brought over, again the procedure is simple. Stand for women or older people. Stay put for boys. Of course, it is friendlier to stand and you might find it more comfortable.

When introducing any members of your family, you don't call them Mr. or Mrs. or Miss unless the last name is different from yours. In other words, Mother is Mother, Dad is Dad, brother is Henry, sister is Lucille, unless she is married, in which case you'll say, "Mrs. Murphy, this is my sister, Mrs. Henricks."

Sometimes at a party you find yourself occupying the same couch with someone you haven't met. Rather than sit in awkward silence, take matters into your hands and introduce yourself. A simple "I'm Janie Howard" will do.

More important, even, than the way you introduce or acknowledge introductions is your attitude to both. If you are prepared to like rather than dislike, to be interested rather than bored or annoyed, you will usually find yourself getting along well with people and making a good impression. If your particular bug-a-boo is the old "what to say" one, just keep telling yourself that the person you are meeting is probably experiencing the same qualms, so go ahead and try your hand at starting the conversation. You'll be surprised at how little it takes to make an introduction stick!



... IN DAN RIVER STARSPUN

The jumper that really smooths down those bothersome too-many-chocolate-bar bumps . . . makes Miss Dotty Dumplin' look slim as Stringbean Sal! Roomy gathers in the skirt, plenty of back fullness, easy action armholes in a brisk bright checkerboard gingham. Easy to wash as a hankie . . . always looks fresh and neat as a top. Wear it solo as a sun dress or over your own favorite blouses, play-or-bathing suit. Red, green, brown or blue and white Starspun in sizes 10½ to 16½. About \$4 at your favorite store.

L. GIDDING & CO., Inc.
520 Eighth Ave., New York





Some bits of odds and ends, a touch of gay imagination, and you'll have a new accessory that may cause a sensation

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND as many Gadgets as you like with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address: Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

New Twists for the Neck—How about setting up a clinic for your old compact? You can easily turn it into a catchy novelty. First paint the compact with nail polish. Then pick out the letters of your name from a pile of alphabet noodles and glue them on the top. You might put on an extra coat of colorless polish now to insure a shiny surface. Slip a ribbon through the inside of the compact, snap it shut, and tie it around your neck. You're bound to collect compliments on your sporty necklace wherever you go.—*Esther Fray, Campbell, Ohio.* After you've torn off the stamps for your little brother's stamp album, save the envelopes. Cut out the postmarks, mount them on plain or colored cardboard disks, and punch a hole in the top of each one. Slip the disks on a colorful braid of yarn, and use your geographical chain for a neckpiece.—*Mary Ann Swanson, Olean, N. Y.* Or you can make a snappy necklace out of Army and Navy insignia. Get out your scissors and go to work on the letters from your brothers and your friends in the service. Cut out the insignia from the top of the stationery. Then varnish them on to small blocks of wood, drill holes in the top, and string them.—*Theresa Timlin, Corona, N. Y.*

Pins from Your Puffs—Take two flesh-colored flat powder

puffs, put a thin layer of cotton between them, and whip stitch all-around the edge with a bright shade of thread or yarn. Get two more puffs and fold each one into the shape of an ear. Then whip stitch around each one of these. Sew the ears to the first two puffs. Now stitch in eyes, a nose, and a mouth. Fasten a pin to the back of the finished product. Wear it to school, and see if your friends can guess how you made the cheerful little bunny.—*Mercedes Urda, Ambridge, Pa.*

Your Crowning Glory—If your pompadour looks droopy and undernourished, give it some support. Just dig out an old piece of stocking the color of your hair and stuff it with cotton. Now pin the roll under your pompadour, and you're all set to dazzle your friends with a nice, smooth halo.—*Lorraine Kinsch, Palatine, Ill.* You can add a new zip to your old bandanna by edging it with fringe. Cut off a bright piece of yarn just the length you want the fringe to be, thread it on a needle, and pull it through the bandanna once about a half an inch from the edge. Put the two ends together evenly and tie in a loop knot, pulling the knot up as close to the material as you can. This is your first bit of fringe. Now go on from there, keeping the fringe as close together as you like. When it's all finished, you've got a super deluxe bandanna to tie around your curls.—*Marianne Welch, Oakland, Calif.* To give your old hat veil that nice, crisp appearance it had when you first bought it, press it under a sheet of wax paper. The paraffin from the wax paper will furnish the stiffening that is necessary to restore the veil's perkiness.—*Eleanor Muriam, Chicago, Ill.*

Make these pretty things for your room

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A few yards of gay fabric, a little time, and the "know how" in "The Sewing Manual for Home Decorators" are all you need to put sparkle and beauty in your room. Girls everywhere are sewing . . . to save pennies and to help win the war by conserving man-power. It's such fun, too! Get the book at your favorite retail store, or MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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Dressing table skirts	How much material to buy
Center table covers	The right stitches
Draperies	Complete diagrams and directions
Bedspreads	Tables of exciting ideas
Slipper case covers	
Lamp shades	
Chest fittings	

Make this elegant framed mirror and dressing table skirt



Make a lamp shade to match your curtains



Make pretty chest fittings

Trim your table with a shirred ruffled skirt



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Please send me the following books for 25 cents. If less are ordered, check those desired and enclose 10¢ for each copy.

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Name (Please Print)

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City & State

Go Gay The South American Way

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

Big pockets and apron effects are right off the pampas. Betty Cornell, left, selects her pocket skirt in border print cotton, about \$2.50. Joyce Gates, right, prefers brown sailcloth with rickrack apron outlines, about \$3. Cotton serape blouses, about \$2 each.



SAMBA through the summer in serape blouses and peasantry skirts, inspired by the colorful native costumes of South America. You will feel like a *muchachita* (South American for "teen") in the low, ruffled neckline of this wonderful new blouse fashion, especially if you deck yourself in exotic shell and seed jewelry by Coro.

South American blouses and skirts in the High School Girls' Shop of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill. Same styles also in sizes 7 to 14. For store in your town, send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Betty Cornell, of Teaneck High, Teaneck, N. J., in chambray skirt with striped ruffles and front tie sash; about \$2.50. See Betty on the front cover, as photographed by William Ward



THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

(Continued from page 29)

by prejudice and misunderstanding.

"We mustn't let any such ghost haunt our new house," Aunt Annie said thoughtfully as she rose to follow the others into the dining room where their midnight feast was already spread out for them.

"Our new house?"

"It's right across the street," she told them.

"That house with the peach trees and the beautiful garden?" Already Sue had forgotten that the wholly mythical "Old Belle" had lived there. "But didn't you say it was lonely?"

"It won't be," Aunt Annie replied, "with four daughters in it."

There was no mistaking the tenderness in her voice. Her last doubt crumbling, Sue looked up with shining eyes to see her father standing in the doorway.

"Well, family," he said, "time for our first meal all together."

THE END

The Winners!

Congratulations to CALLING ALL GIRLS readers on the thousands of wonderful designs which poured in to the Fashion Department in answer to the Dress Design Contest announced in our February issue. We asked you to design a dirndl dress for Betty Barclay, well-known young designer of cotton dresses for high-schoolers. We know you are all very eager to find out which designs took the three prizes. Well, here they are:

FIRST PRIZE:

\$25 War Bond plus her own dress:
ROSEMARIE JACOB, Chicago, Illinois

SECOND PRIZE:

\$15 in War Stamps:
PEGGY MORRISON, Roanoke, Virginia

THIRD PRIZE

\$10 in War Stamps:
ROSELYN JAFFE, Bronx, New York

HERE IS THE

Prize Winner!

SUBMITTED BY

ROSEMARIE JACOB

7643 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Congratulations, Miss Jacob—and many thanks to the thousands who submitted designs in the "Calling All Girls" Magazine Dress Design Contest. We are sorry everyone couldn't win—but this charming design was the unanimous first choice of the judges. (Second and third prize winners are being notified by mail.)

BETTY BARCLAY Juniors are all prize winners—lovely frocks that always make you look your best because Betty Barclay designs the types and styles that the young girls of America want today. Ask for them by name at your favorite shop or department store.



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OF ROSEMARIE'S
ORIGINAL DRAWING



SIZES 9 TO 15

H. LINSK & CO.

MAKERS

1350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Sew on the Border Line

YOU can do wonders with border prints. Just look at these simple dirndl fashions, made up by the R. H. Macy Dressmaking Centre in New York. Don't they look like individual "creations"? It's the printed borders that give the effect of elaborate appliques and embroideries.



Advance Patterns No. 3176, sizes 9 to 17, and No. 3243, sizes 12 to 20. Cost 25c each. Buy from local dealer or send cash to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. State number and size when ordering.

Above—Advance Pattern No. 3243, one-piece play suit in plain cotton with button-on dirndl skirt of border print. Make a kerchief out of leftovers. Right—Advance Pattern No. 3176, dirndl frock of permanent finish glazed chintz border print with quilted plain chintz jerkin.

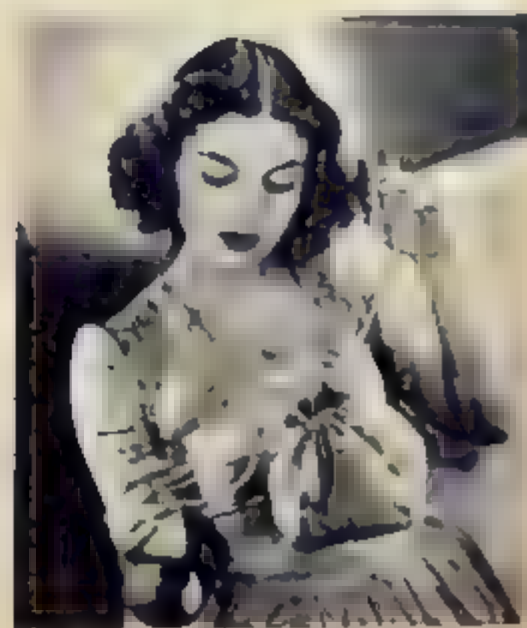
SCRAP HAPPIES

REMEMBER our patchwork skirt last month, made of leftover scraps? If you took our suggestion about a Scrap Happy Club where members pooled their scraps and interchanged them, you will welcome these new ideas in Leftover Lure! Do you have any bright ideas of your own about Scrap Happies? Send them in to Nancy Pepper so that other girls may read about them in CALLING ALL GIRLS, and try them out, too.

For free copy of Advance Fashion News, send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

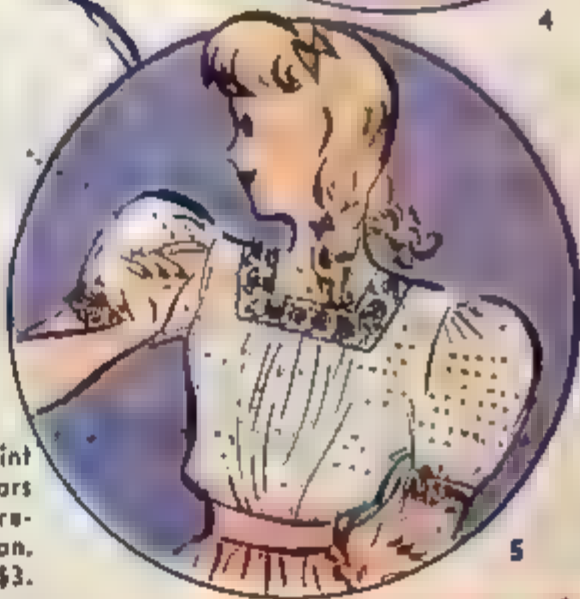
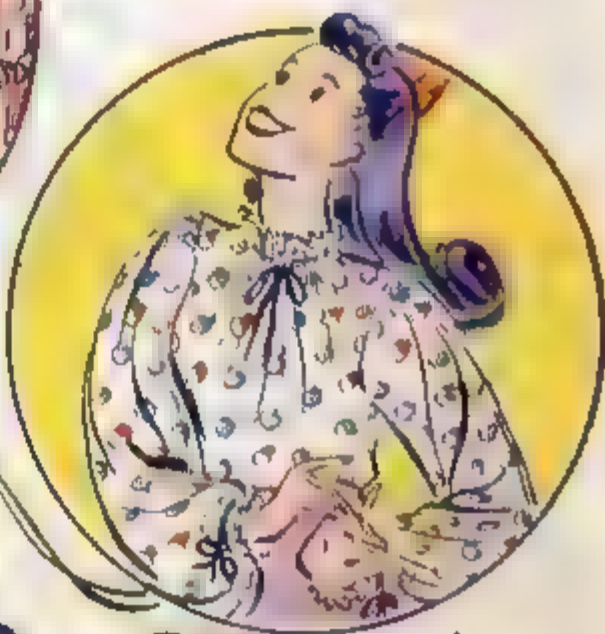
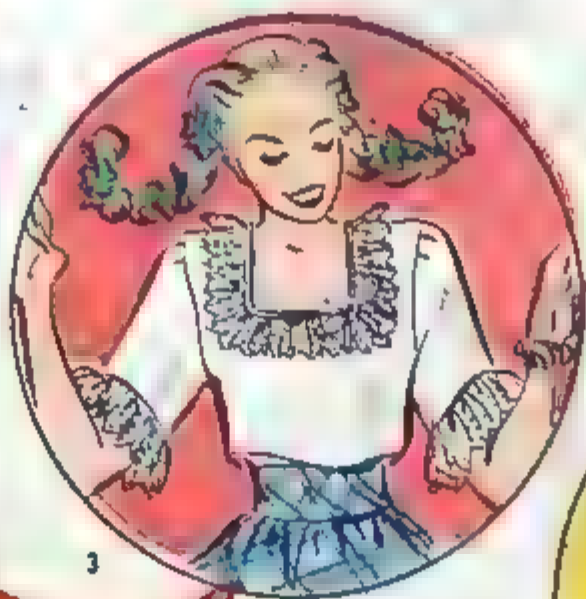


Cover your school books in leftover scraps. Iron on a smart monogram, cut from Press-On mending tape.



Make a dainty drawstring bag to match your summer party dress. Scraps of rayon taffeta make a wonderful lining.

Our Hi-Style Scouts say "HAVE A PEASANT SUMMER"



WE ADORE peasanty blouses with our summer dirndls," say our Hi-Style Scouts. Well, here you are, gals. Sizes 10 to 16 in teen departments.

Would you like to wear the Hi-Style Scout emblem? Send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper.

1—With her skirt of 'border-print spun rayon, our balloon girl wears a draw-string blouse of white linen, a lush, washable spun rayon. Skirt, about \$4; blouse, about \$3.

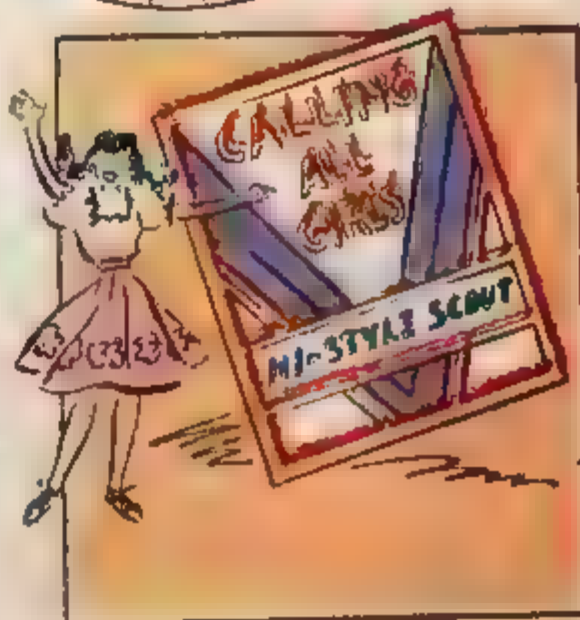
2—There's nothing like peek-a-boo eyelet-embroidered batiste for that dreamy Southern Belle charm. Change the ribbon to match your skirts. About \$4.

3—Plenty of allure in a spun rayon job with ruffled neck and sleeves. About \$3.

4—You'd be starry eyed yourself if you had this sheer nylon blouse by Fashionette with balloon dots. The sleeves are utterly feminine. About \$3.

5—For fresh-as-a-daisy charm, try dotted Swiss with multi-color floral embroidery. By Fashionette. About \$2.50.

For store in your city featuring these blouses, send stamped, addressed envelope to: Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Be sure to state which style, or styles, you are interested in.



CURTAIN GOING UP

(Continued from page 18)

folks are there rooting for you. But to be the star of the show and not have anyone out front who cares if you're a success or not—that's awful!

When the second act started those two seats were still empty and I was so mad I could have screamed. I came out into the wings to wait for my cue and Miss Povey hissed at me, "Elaine is terrible. You could hardly hear her in the first act and she missed a couple of cues. What's the matter?"

"Her folks didn't come," I whispered back. "Isn't that disgusting?"

"Well, if she doesn't snap out of it," said Miss Povey, shaking her head, "I'll have to let Penny take the part and carry on. Do you think you could handle it, Penny?"

Penny, who was standing in the wings, too, all ready to leap into the breach and simply ga-ga at the chance, bubbled, "Oh, yes, Miss Povey, I'm all ready. I know the lines perfectly. And I'm not a bit nervous."

I gave her a dirty look, dived back into the dressing room and dragged Elaine out for her next entrance. "Listen," I said, "forget about your folks. You've got to go out there and show Miss Povey you can act. Penny's all set to take over if you don't," Elaine looked at me and nodded, but she was just sort of limp all over.

The next scene was the balcony scene and I was too busy getting myself settled on the flimsy wooden platform the manual training class had built for Juliet's bedroom, to peek at the two empty seats. Elaine stood beside me, shivering, while Romeo, looking awfully handsome, began his speech:

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

I had to nudge Elaine to make her come in with the next line. Then while Dick was saying, "She speaks. Oh, speak again, bright angel," I looked at her and suddenly her face began to bloom and she leaned out the little window, smiled so sweetly down at Romeo that he looked startled, and her voice came out clear and true and strong:

YOUTH'S CHALLENGE

By BETTY JEAN TEVIS
Seventeen Years Old

Our challenge is before us clear defined:
The fragments of a war-torn world to bind,
To heal the ragged wounds of hate and fear,
To make again man's rights and freedoms dear.
Strong must be our will to do this task,
No compromise accept or grievance ask.
Faith and Hope and Love our tools must be;
Forward must we strive till we shall see
A world united in a common bond of peace,
And only then can we our labors cease.
Although a mighty challenge has been made,
We cannot fail—for we are not afraid!

Oh, Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

I gave a sigh of relief. She was going to be all right. The audience was perfectly still, drinking in every word. And when she came to the lines

Good night, good night! Parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be
morrow.

I had to swallow the lump in my throat. It was then that I got a chance to look at the two seats in the fifth row. There, grinning from ear to ear, sat Mr. and Mrs. Drake.

When the final curtain came down and Romeo and Juliet had scrambled up from their

deathbed, the audience was still applauding. Elaine came dashing into the dressing room absolutely glowing.

"They came!" she cried, hugging me. "Father and Mother both came!"

"We came to scoff and stayed to cheer!" said a deep, booming voice behind us. And there were Elaine's mother and father waiting in the hall.

"Well, Mr. Drake," I chortled, "wasn't I right? Wasn't Elaine swell?"

"You were all very good," said Mr. Drake. "And I am very proud of you, Elaine. In fact, you've retrieved the family honor."

"What do you mean, Father?" cried Elaine.

"Well, I've a confession to make. The reason I've been so set against the theater was a purely selfish one. You see, when I was a young man I was bitten by the theatrical bug myself. One summer I toured with a small stock company. But I was so bad that in one country town the boys threw vegetables at me—none

too fresh ones, either." He laughed sheepishly. "I was so humiliated that I vowed never to set foot in the theater again. So I became a dry old university professor, devoting myself to teaching Shakespeare to undergraduates." He patted Elaine's arm. "I suppose now, however, I'll have to get used to having an actress in the family. I suppose you're all set to become a second Katharine Cornell and to have your name in bright lights over theater entrances, eh, Elaine?"

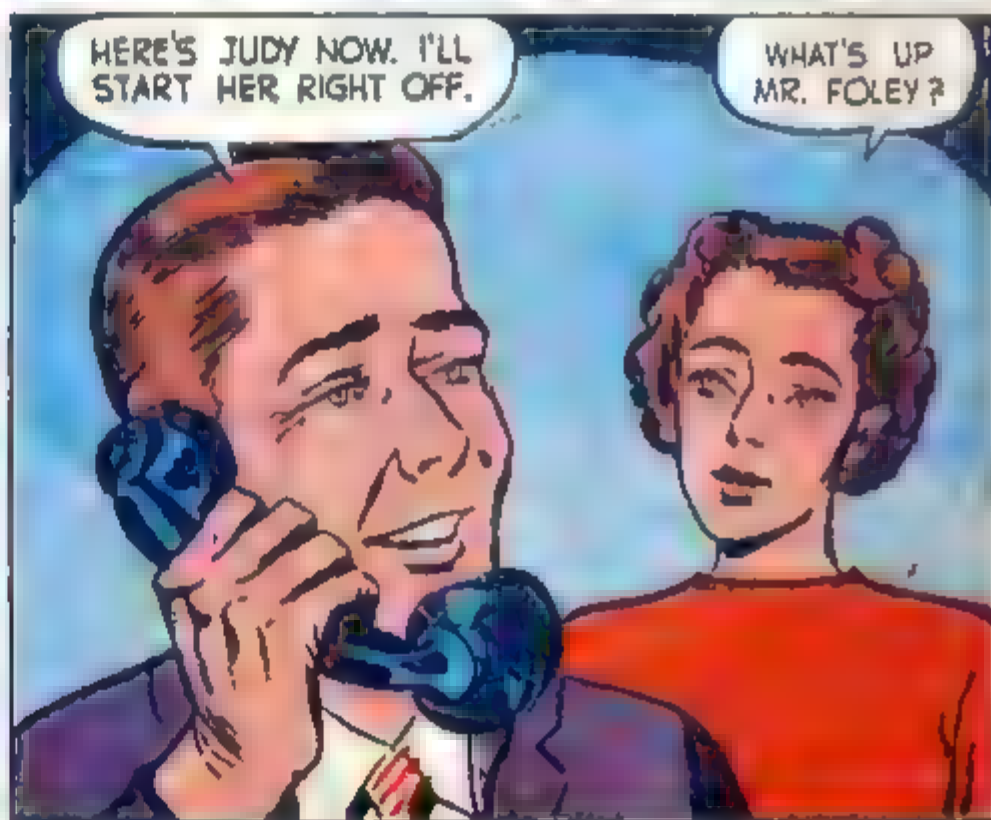
"Oh, no, Father," said Elaine. "It was fun being in the play, but I wouldn't want to be an actress. I just did it to show myself and everyone else that I could if I tried. I want to be a university professor and teach Shakespeare, just like you!"

JUDY WING

SHE FLIES INTO DANGER



I WONDER WHAT MR. FOLEY HAS IN STORE FOR ME TODAY?



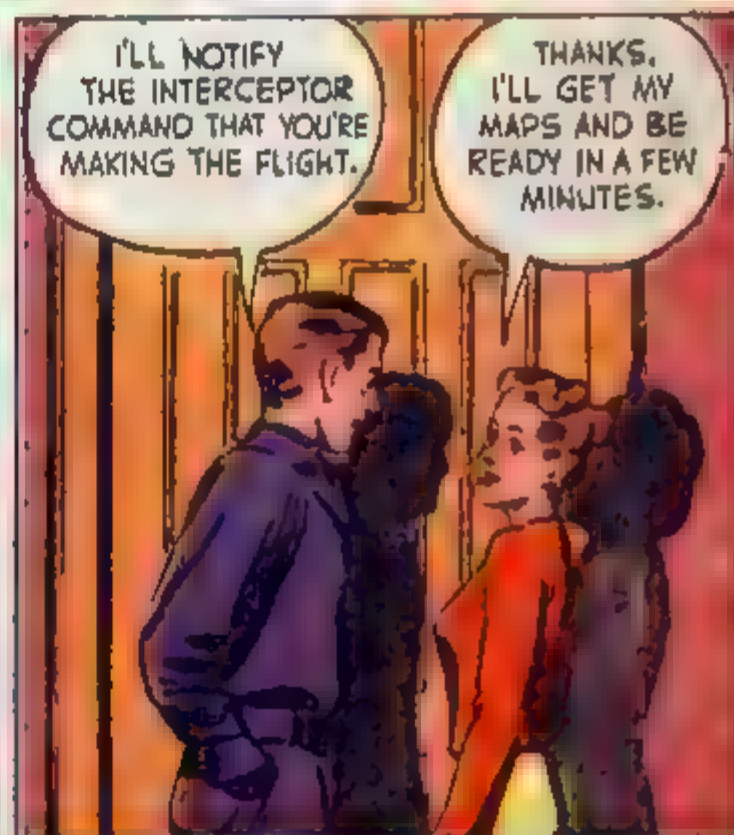
HERE'S JUDY NOW. I'LL START HER RIGHT OFF.

WHAT'S UP MR. FOLEY?



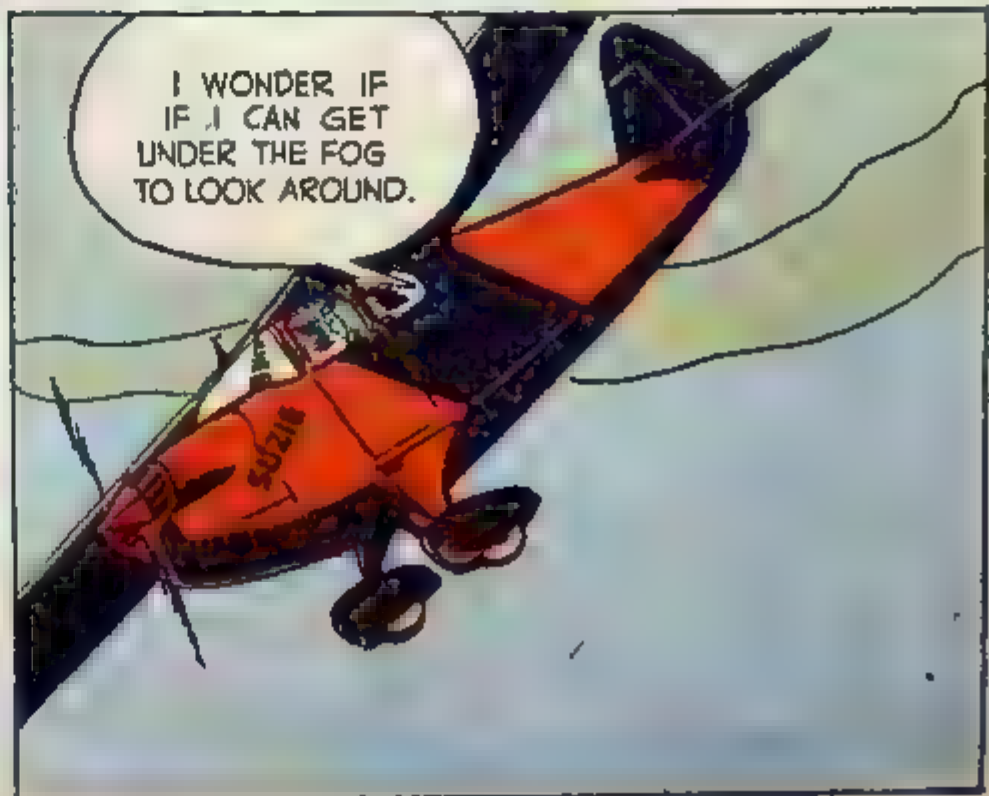
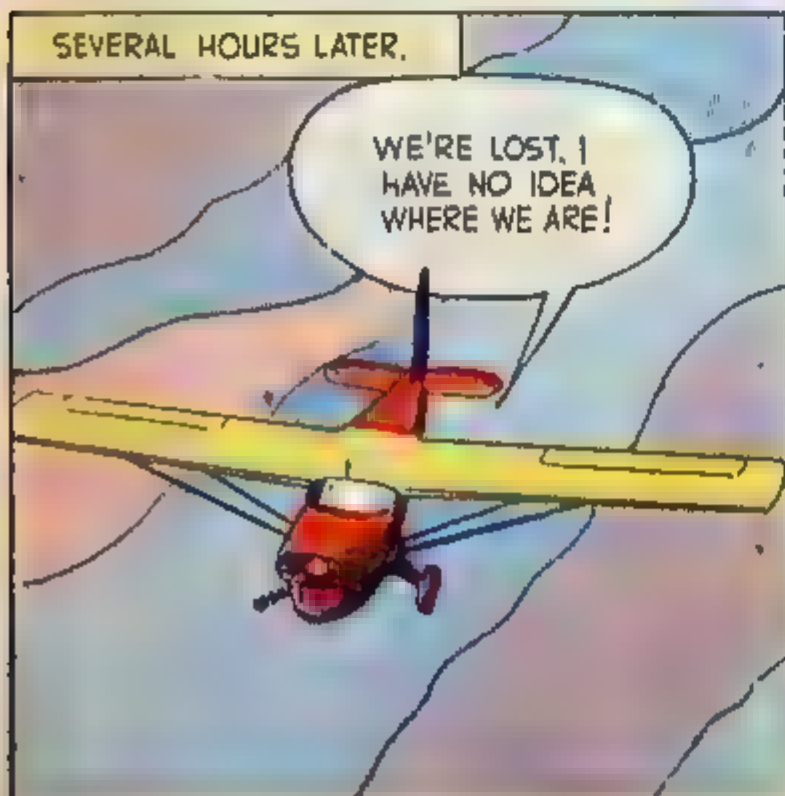
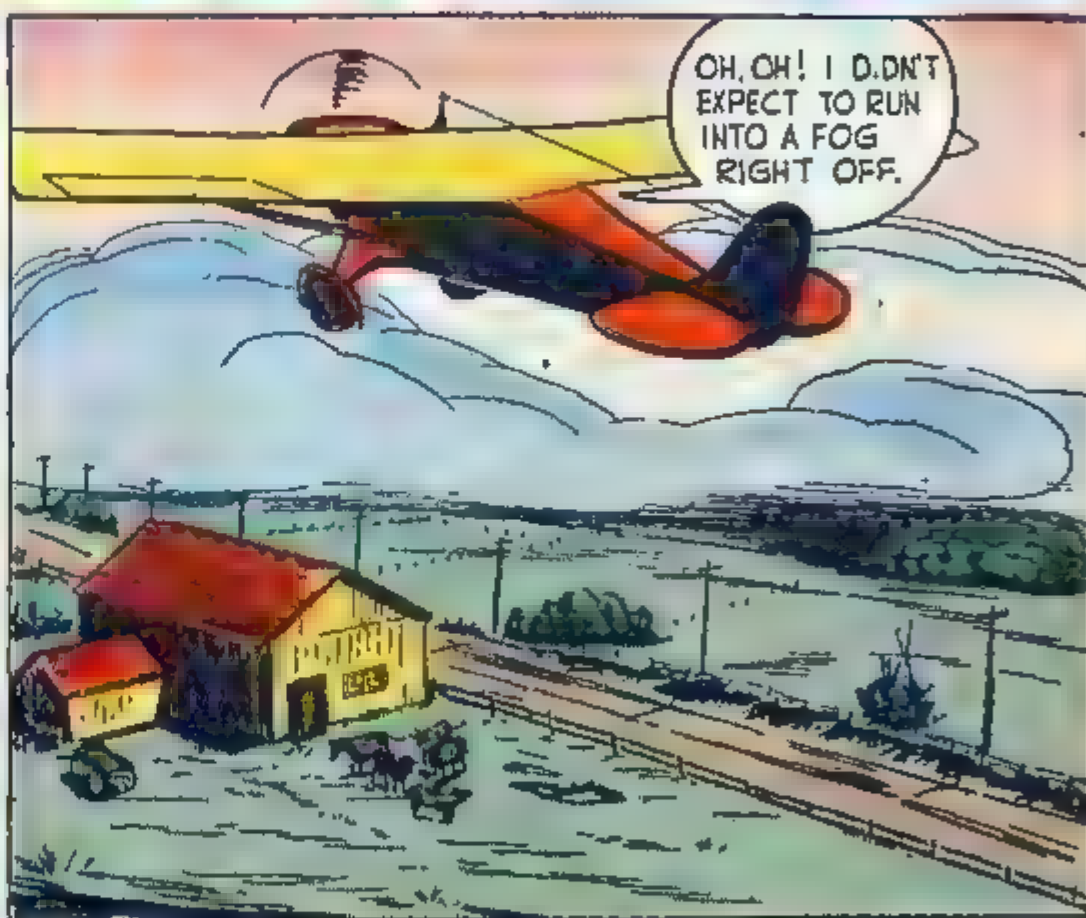
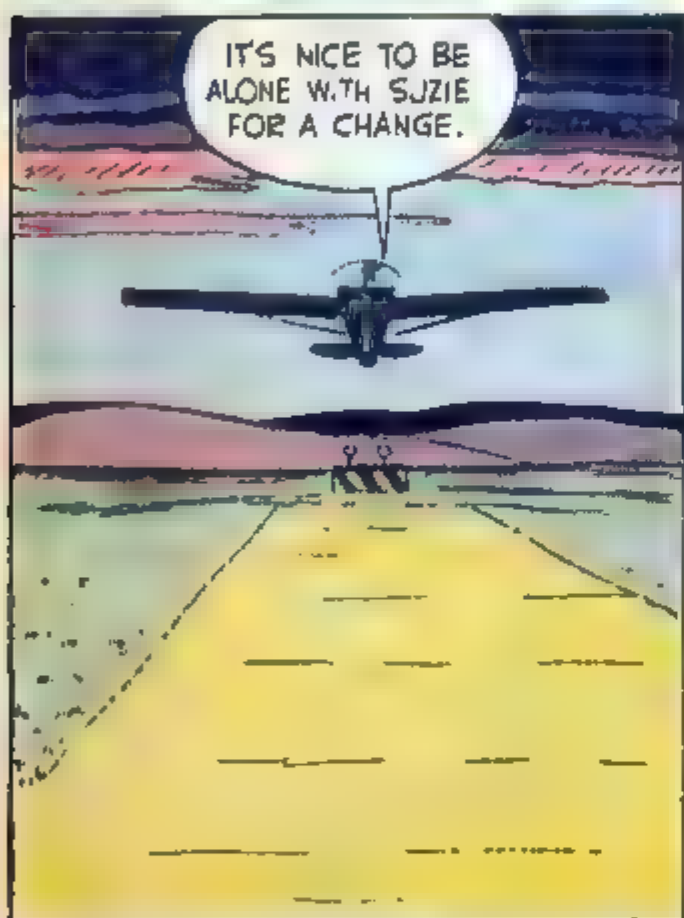
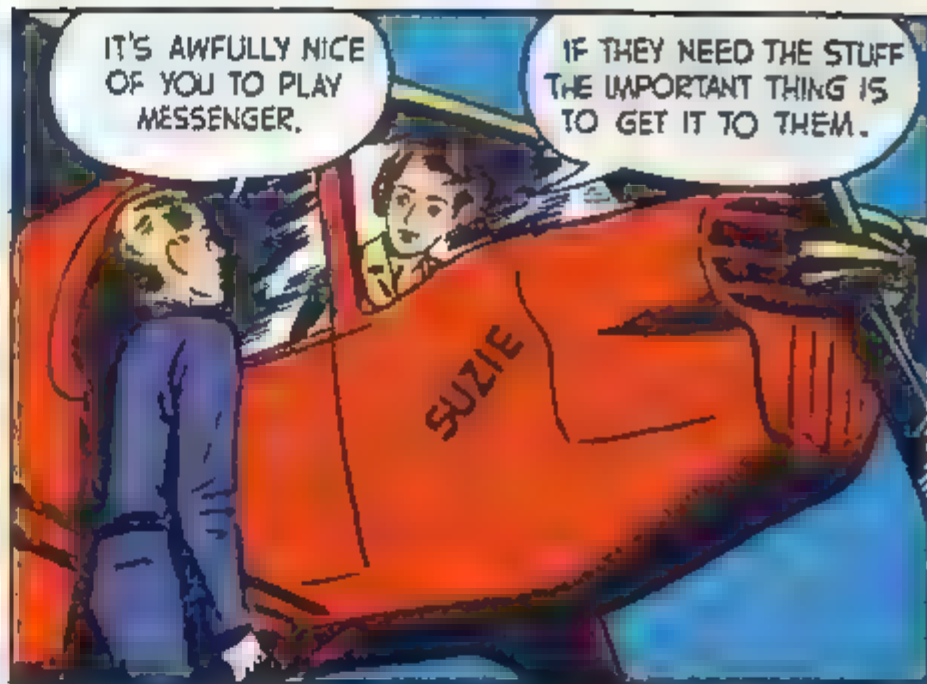
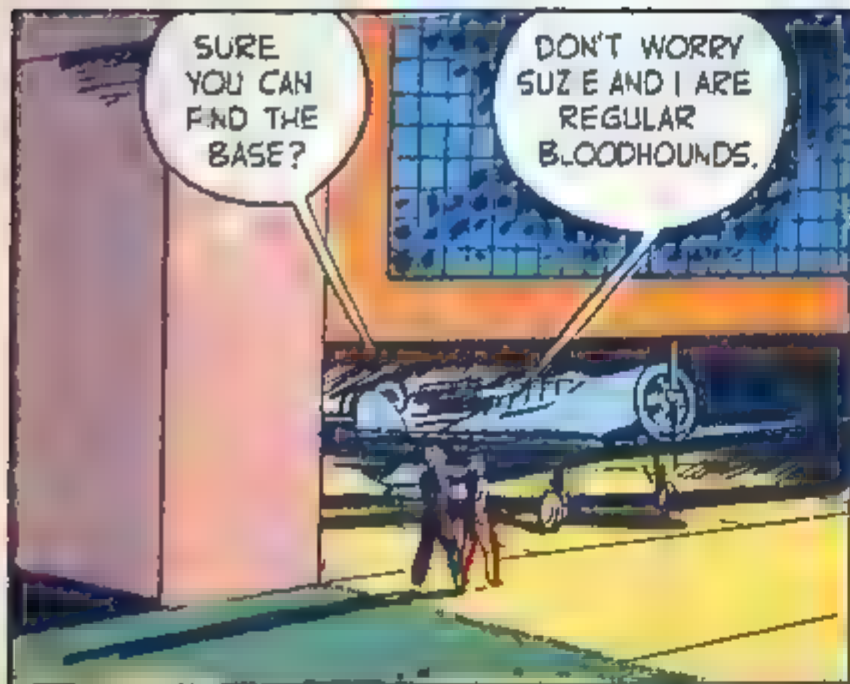
CIVIL AIR PATROL BASE NO. 9 NEEDS SOME PARACHUTES IN A HURRY, I SAID WE'D SEND THEM.

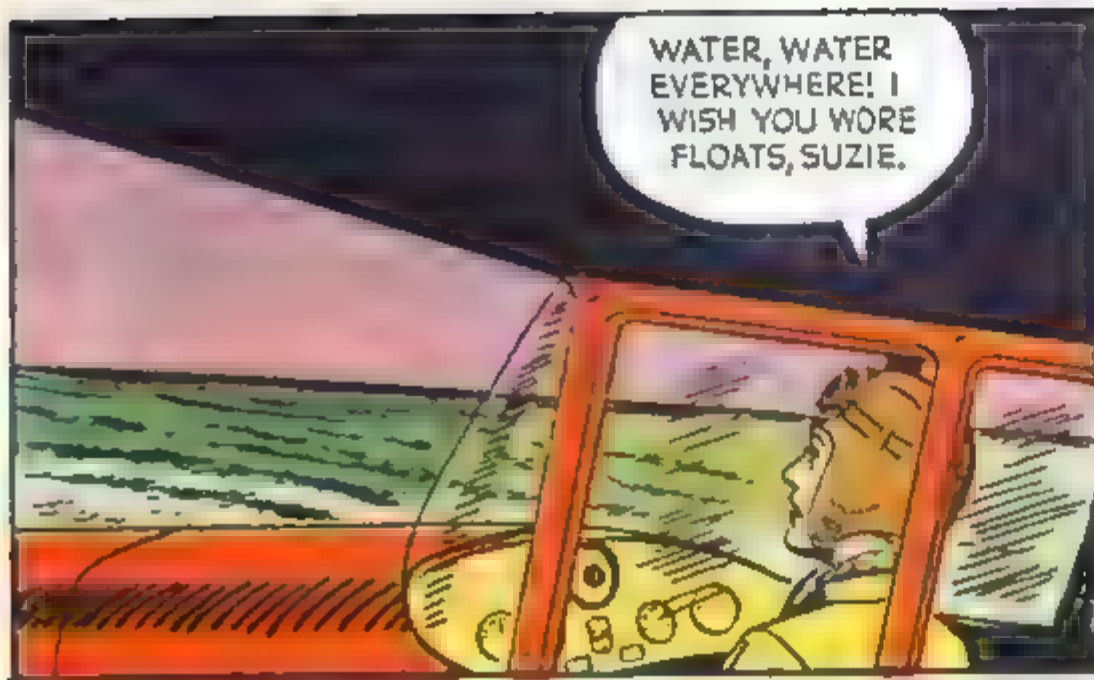
FINE. I'LL GET SUZIE READY.



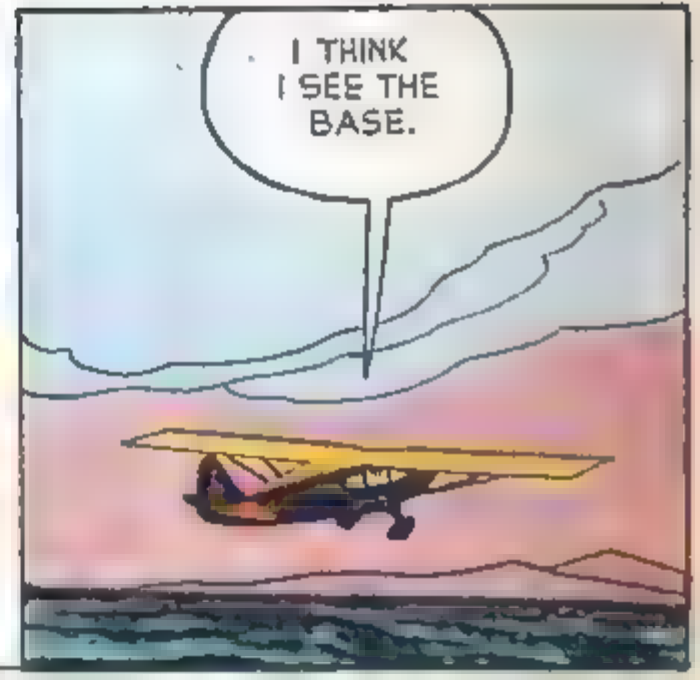
I'LL NOTIFY THE INTERCEPTOR COMMAND THAT YOU'RE MAKING THE FLIGHT.

THANKS. I'LL GET MY MAPS AND BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES.

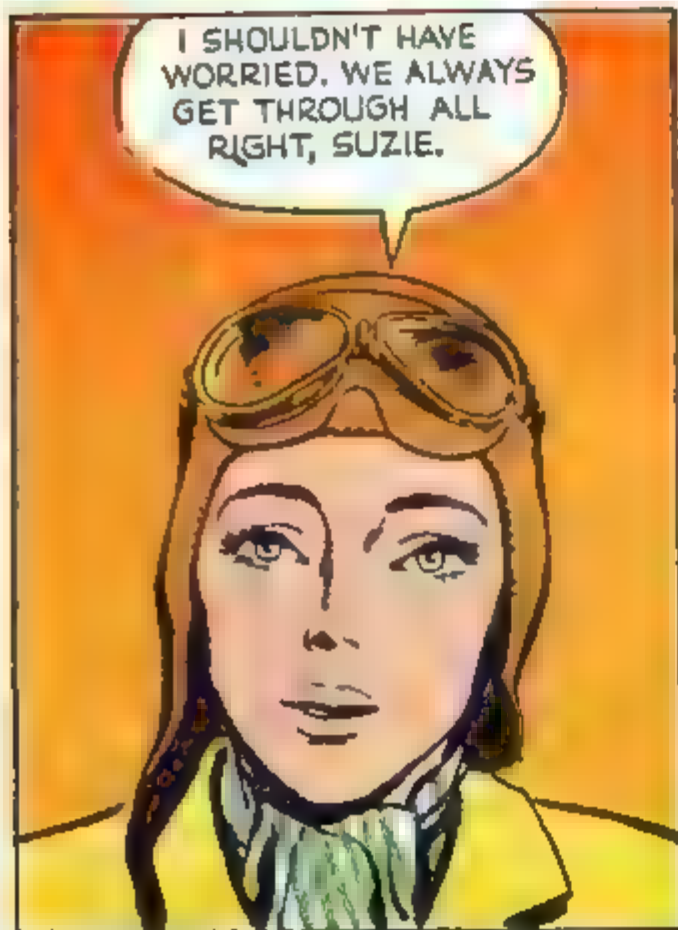




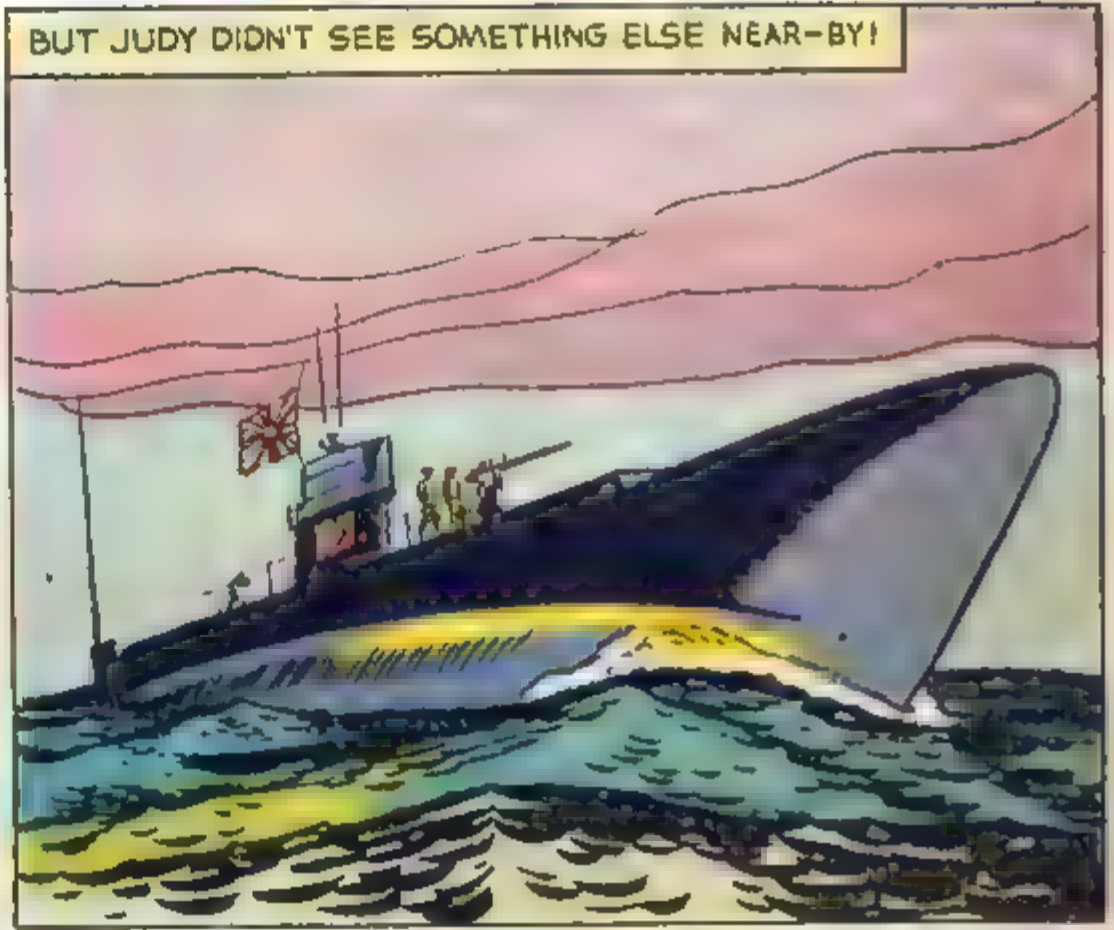
WATER, WATER
EVERYWHERE! I
WISH YOU WORE
FLOATS, SUZIE.



I THINK
I SEE THE
BASE.



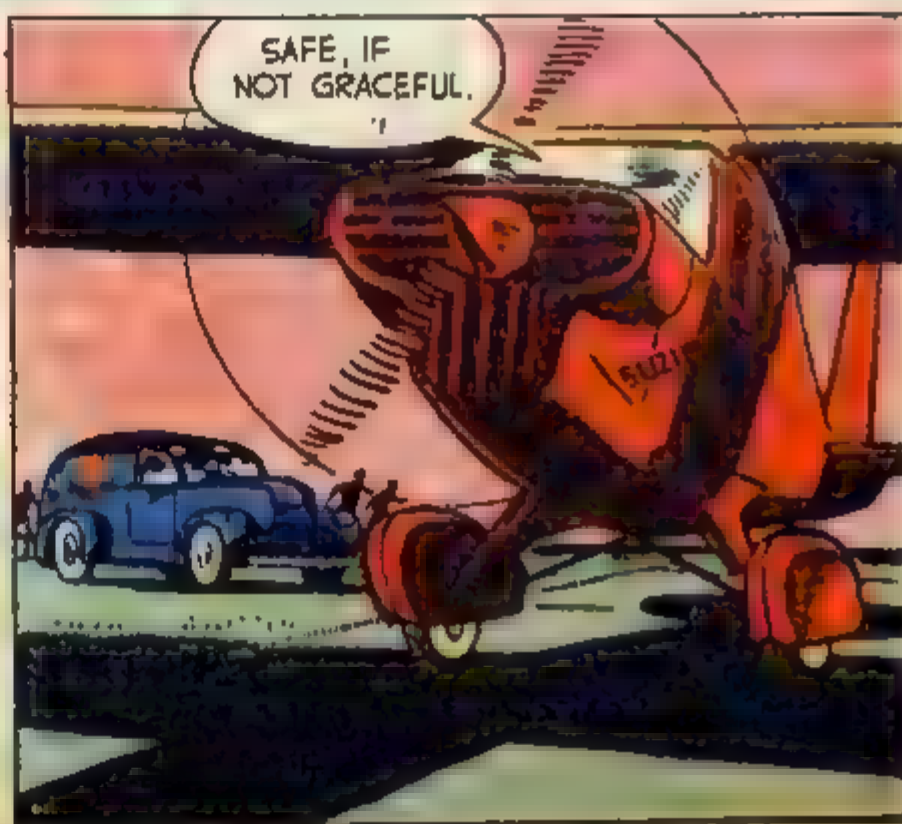
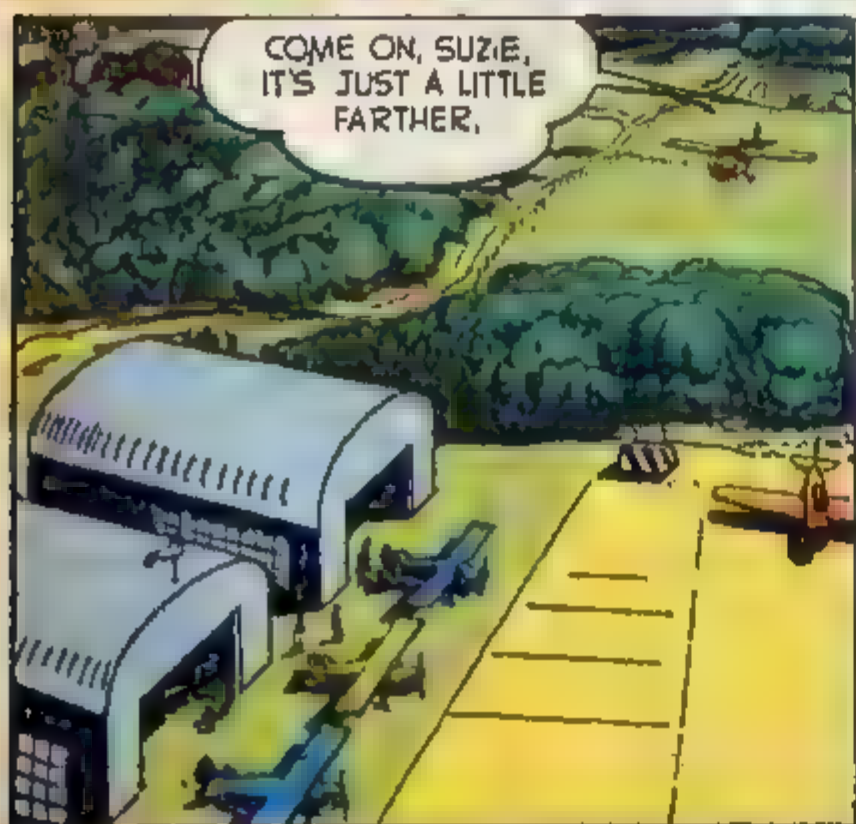
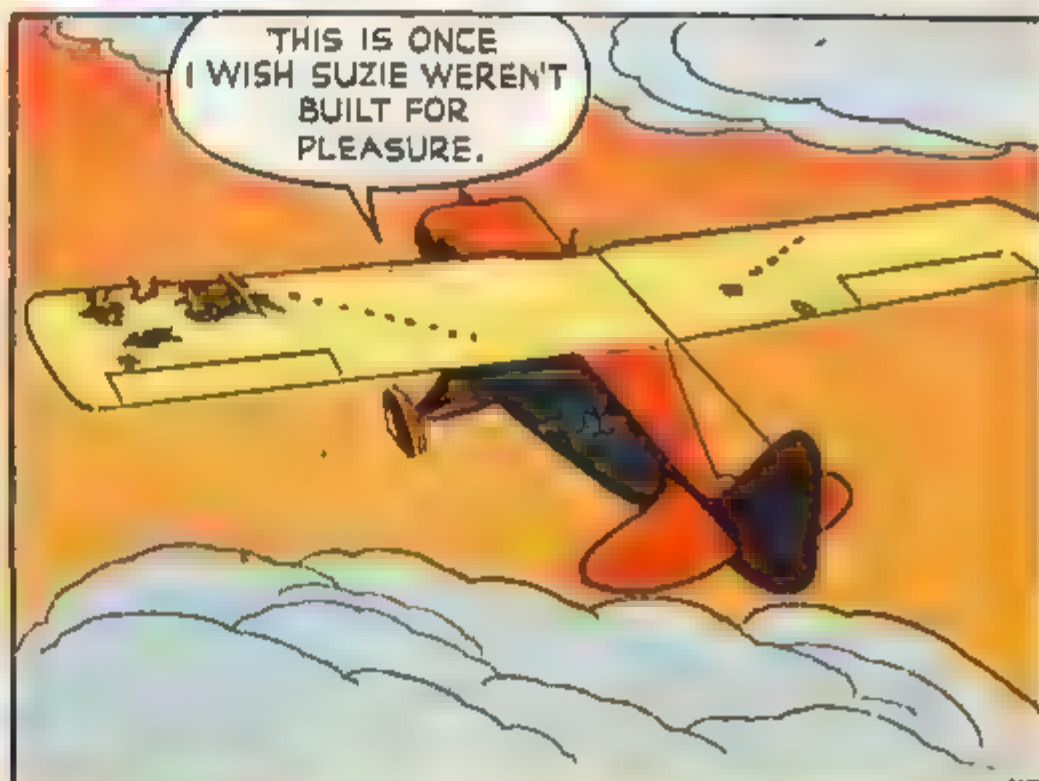
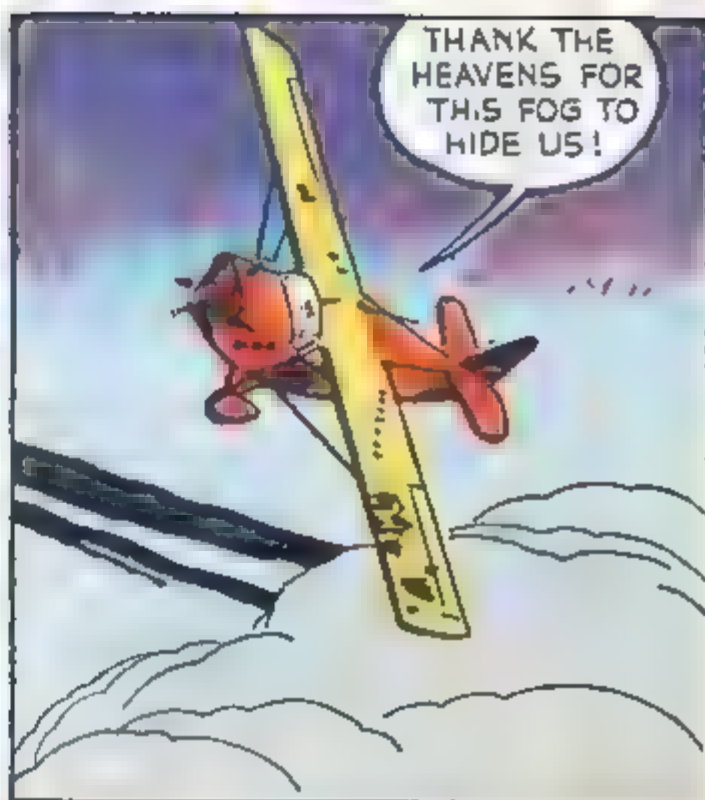
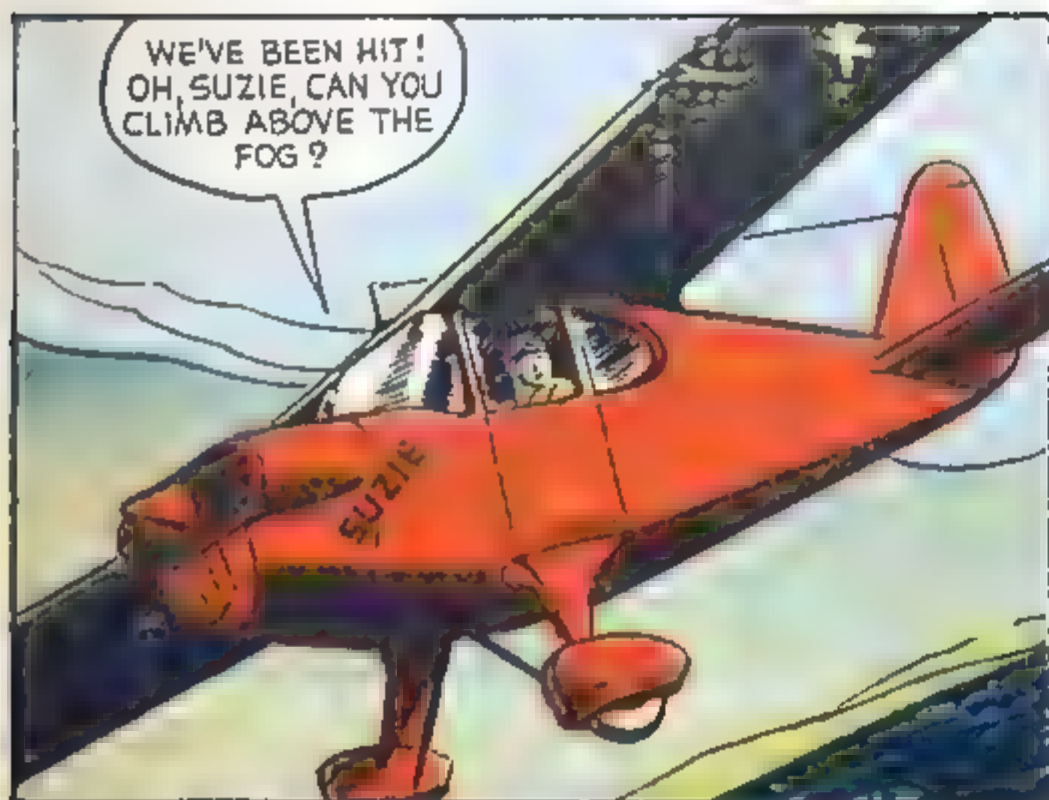
I SHOULDN'T HAVE
WORRIED. WE ALWAYS
GET THROUGH ALL
RIGHT, SUZIE.

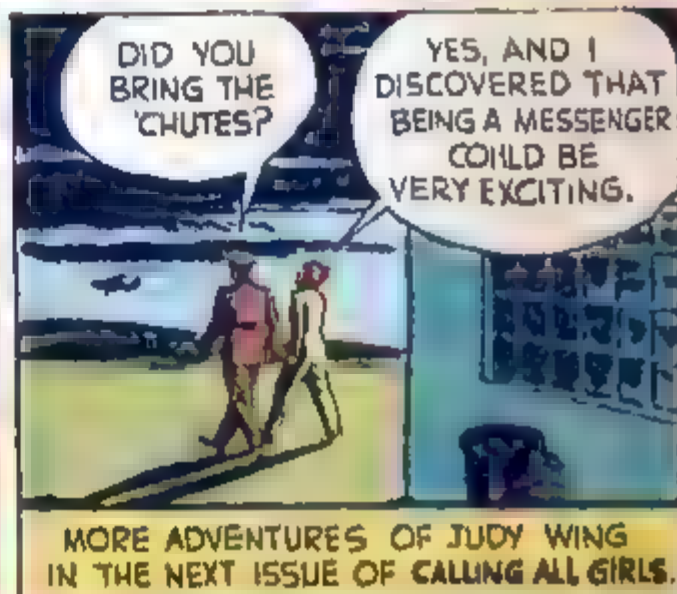
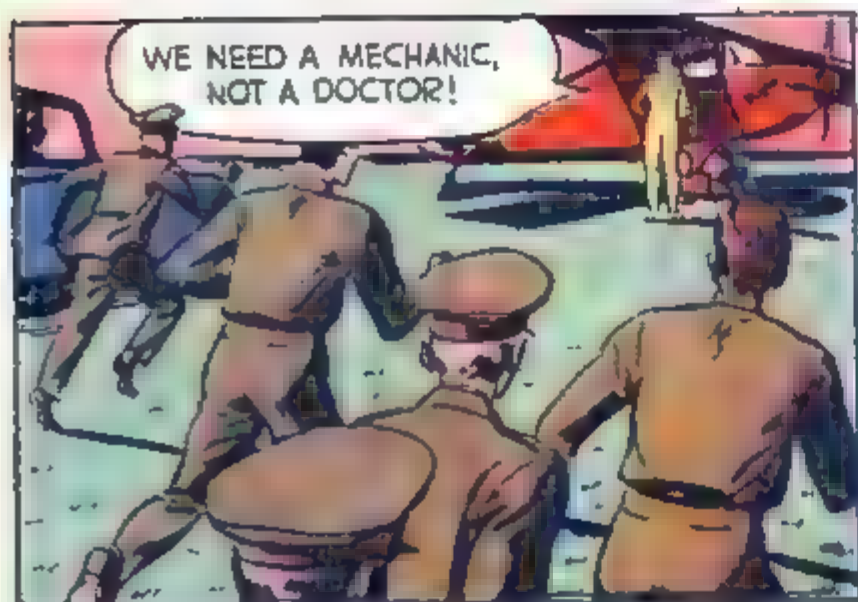


BUT JUDY DIDN'T SEE SOMETHING ELSE NEAR-BY!



A SUBMARINE!





Have you any little Brothers or Sisters?



FUNNY BOOK, Magazine for Young Folks—is now on sale at newsstands . . . 10c a copy. If you cannot find it in your neighborhood, send a dime and this coupon, and a copy will be mailed promptly.

THEY will love this new magazine that is especially published for boys and girls from 3 to 8 years old. **FUNNY BOOK** is full of interesting stories with lots of bright-colored pictures, comics about funny animals and amusing characters, cut-outs, games and puzzles, and pictures to color. Each issue contains an exciting picture version of a favorite classic, like the story of Robin Hood.

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52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CAG-19

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Girl Power ON THE HOME FRONT

GIRL power on the home front will release woman power and man power on all sides. Thousands of girls have answered the call. Many have been active in high school Victory Corps programs. Others will spend many summer days on farms, in factories, in offices, in child-caring organizations, in hospitals. One of the most important ways in which girls can help win the war is through service in homes. It may not seem very dramatic, it doesn't require glamorous uniforms, but minding the baby is a real contribution toward the unconditional surrender of our enemies because it frees mothers for other kinds of war work and it helps to bring up healthy, well-adjusted children. The fact that this contribution also earns some "extra" money doesn't hurt any, either! Nor does the chance to find out, if you are so successful in taking care of youngsters, that you want to be a teacher.

The hundreds of Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, and Girl Reserves who have taken minding the baby as their war job have studied their new responsibilities very seriously. This can be your war job (it's a good job in peacetime, too) either at home taking care of smaller sisters or brothers for free, or as a paid job there, if your mother regards this as an extra contribution to the home, or elsewhere.

What do you need to know if you're going to take care of



Your job will be smoother if you and Junior's mother are clear about business and schedules before she leaves you with him the first time.

Help wanted, girls! Here is a job that is close to home, that is important war work, that is fun, and that is profitable

By JEAN SCHICK GROSSMAN

Director of Parent Education, Play Schools Association

the neighbors' kids? Some of the training you may already have, whether you know it or not, from helping your mother look after small brothers or sisters. But some reminders won't be out of place.

First, of course, you'll want to get your parents' consent before you take any kind of job, even if it is for only a few dollars a week. They should know where you're to be, and when, and what your responsibilities will be. They will know if the job you're interested in is suitable and right for you and if you are suited to the job.

Well, your folks say "go ahead." If you let it be known among your mother's friends that you are available to take care of their small children, you probably won't be idle long. And if you enjoy children and are good at your job, it won't be long before you are offered others so that your free time is pretty well spoken for.

You will be punctual, of course, so that the mother of your charge can count on certain hours for Red Cross or other work. A good way to insure your promptness is to keep a date book or calendar on

which you mark down your engagements and the time you are expected. You'll always remember to be professional on your job. You won't, for instance, invite your own gang to come around to visit you on the job, though if it's all right with your employer there's no reason why you and a friend with a similar job should not join forces; doing so sometimes has the great advantage of getting Junior together with youngsters his age, which is always good. You'll not go in for long telephone conversations. You won't carry tales from one employer to another.

No one will expect you to know as much about children as if you'd been a nursery school teacher for ten years. But you will be expected to be interested, friendly, and cheerful. You'll find that such behavior is likely to bring out the best in Junior, too. Think of yourself and how you react to behavior around you and guide yourself accordingly.

There are leaf-

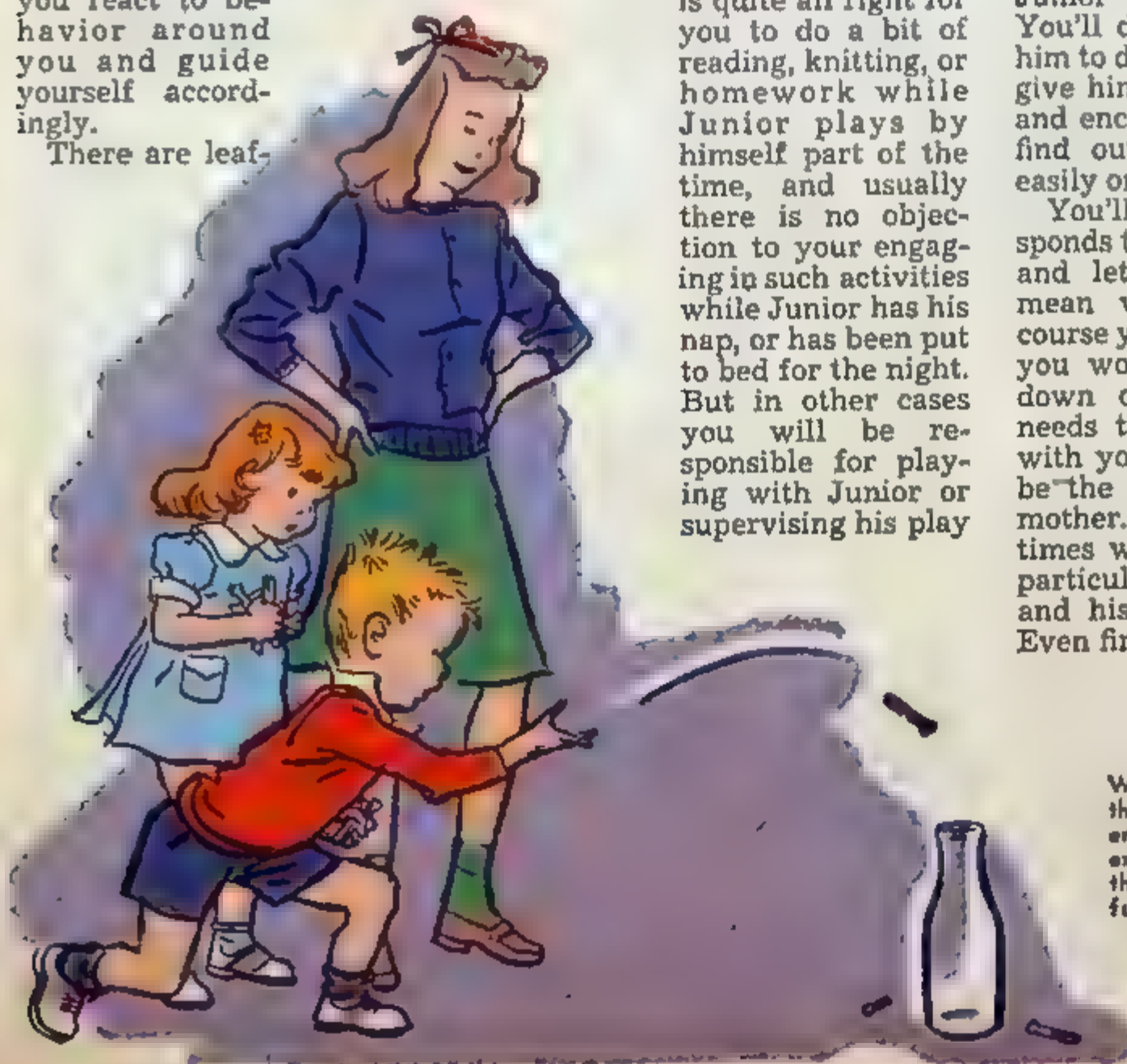
lets that can help you in learning more about your charge. Your librarian will show you some good, interesting books on child training. And for ten cents each you can get excellent booklets from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.—“Child Management” (Children's Bureau Publication 143) and “The Child from One to Six” (Children's Bureau Publication 30). Perhaps your own parents can help you, too. And you'll remember how much it helped you when you were little to be forgiven for small mistakes, to have some little misdeeds overlooked, to be laughed with, to have your interests shared and your wishes respected, never to be “talked down” to but always to be treated as a person in your own right, not just somebody's small daughter.

Arrangements differ. Some mothers may feel it is quite all right for you to do a bit of reading, knitting, or homework while Junior plays by himself part of the time, and usually there is no objection to your engaging in such activities while Junior has his nap, or has been put to bed for the night. But in other cases you will be responsible for playing with Junior or supervising his play

with his friends. Ask if it's all right for you to play the radio or the phonograph. If it is, be sure you know how to operate the machine. If you're to be at work over a mealtime, be sure you know what Junior is to be fed, and what you're to eat, and where everything is. Remember, this isn't home, so you're not free to raid the icebox. If you are on duty in the evening, it should be understood that you are to be taken home, unless you live next door or your mother thinks an escort is unnecessary. It is best to get such things settled—as well as what you are to be paid for the job—when you first make arrangements with Junior's mother. This is a business and a professional arrangement.

Children differ even more than arrangements. What kind of child is Junior? What is his schedule? How do his parents feel about departing from it the least little bit? You must use judgment, too, about keeping Junior cool or warm enough. You'll do all you can to teach him to do things for himself and give him plenty of cooperation and encouraging smiles. You'll find out if he becomes tired easily or hardly ever.

You'll find out how he responds to necessary “demands,” and let him know that you mean what you say—but of course you won't be bossy. And you won't go in for slapping down or threatening, for he needs to feel safe and secure with you. You are supposed to be the loving stand-in for his mother. Of course there are times when you must be firm, particularly where his health and his safety are concerned. Even firmness, however, can be



With no more equipment than clothespins and an empty bottle, you have an excellent homemade game that is good for hours of fun for your charges.

managed in a pleasant way. You'll keep your promises, too, and will learn not to promise even unpleasant things that you have no idea of carrying out. Junior is little and hasn't had the long experience in living that you've already enjoyed. You'll remember, too, how you disliked being asked if you'd been a good girl, and not keep harping on "goodness." If you just expect the best it's more likely to happen.

Play is a small child's most important work, as you know, and he is learning while he's playing. You can help Junior—by acting out stories, music, rhythms. If you can't play the piano, you can work a radio or a phonograph—and get the kind of music and other programs that interest Junior, not just you! Taking your charge for a walk can be exciting (first getting his mother's permission as to where you may go). There are plenty of things to discover in his own back yard or the nearest park.

For small tots, even the most ordinary household utensils can be as exciting as a most complicated toy. Summer or winter, children need plenty of big-muscle play. Out of doors if the weather is nice, but not in the strong sun in the hottest part of the summer day, of course, nor for too long in just-above-zero weather, nor for so long that your charge is worn to a frazzle. Such play can be balanced by sitting beneath a shady tree or on a comfy sofa now and then for rest and storytime, or by a session with paints or crayons or modeling clay. Most young children can't stick to one thing for long.

If you want help in thinking up things to do with your youngster, send to the Play Schools Association, Inc., 1841 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for their booklet called "Play Materials from Waste" (15c) or to the National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for "Home Play in Wartime" (10c). And your own public library has books on games, reading matter, and play materials.



To little ones, the most everyday household utensils are as exciting as the most complicated toys.

You won't forget that while you are in charge of Junior, you are responsible for his safety and well-being. You'll have to be ready to meet emergencies. Be sure you know where you can reach Junior's mother if something happens. Know where the first aid kit is and have the name and phone number of the family doctor. And should any small or large crisis occur, you'll keep your own feelings well in hand—even though deep inside you will naturally be upset—so that Junior will learn to be brave himself. Of course, if you have noticed signs of a cold or Junior unaccountably out of sorts, you'll report such things to Junior's mother when she comes home. Signs of overtiredness, crankiness, lack of appetite may be signs of approaching illness, and a prompt report of them may prevent Junior's being really ill. If you

have a cold, you'll notify your employer and explain so that she can get a substitute for you.

It won't all be smooth. You'll have your ups and downs. But no matter how hard it is some days, you'll go home with the sure knowledge that you're doing something important and you'll have some very happy hours, too. You're not only releasing valuable woman power; you're helping to keep our future citizens safe, happy, and well. Every child who is being helped to grow up tall and straight, kind and true because you've been his or her "big friend" will have that much more to give to the future world. Girl power could, not be turned to any better use. You can be just as proud of your uniform of sweater and skirt, or shirt and slacks, as any woman in her gray-blue Red Cross uniform, or any factory worker in her blue denims.

SHE FOUND INDEPENDENCE

MME. WEI TAO-MING, WIFE OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, HAS DEDICATED HER LIFE TO THE IDEALS OF THE DEMOCRATIC WORLD



IN CHINA, ABOUT 1902, WHEN MME. WEI WAS A LITTLE GIRL...

BUT I LIKE TO PLAY WITH MY BROTHERS, GRANDMOTHER.

THAT IS NOT LADYLIKE, SOUMAY, MY CHILD.

I WON'T KEEP BANDAGES ON MY FEET!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD LET SOUMAY HAVE HER WAY.

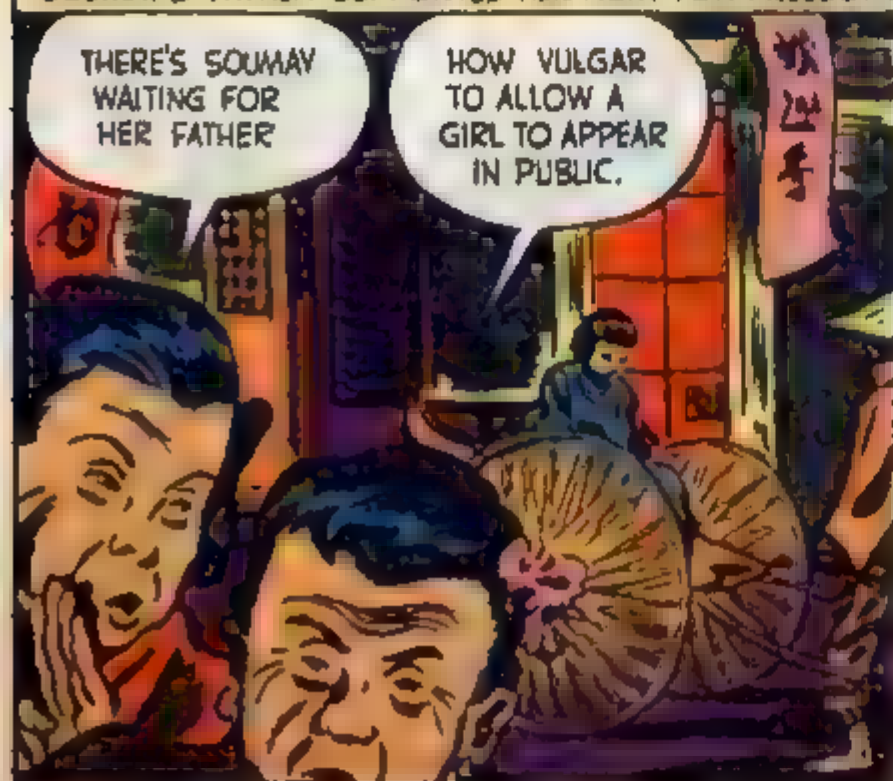
EVERY LADY IN CHINA BINDS HER FEET TO KEEP THEM SMALL.



SOUMAY'S FATHER SUPPORTED HER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

THERE'S SOUMAY WAITING FOR HER FATHER

HOW VULGAR TO ALLOW A GIRL TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC.



SOUMAY FOUND A WAY TO AVOID CRITICISM!

THERE! DRESSING YOU AS A BOY WILL KEEP YOU FROM BECOMING A SOCIAL OUTCAST.



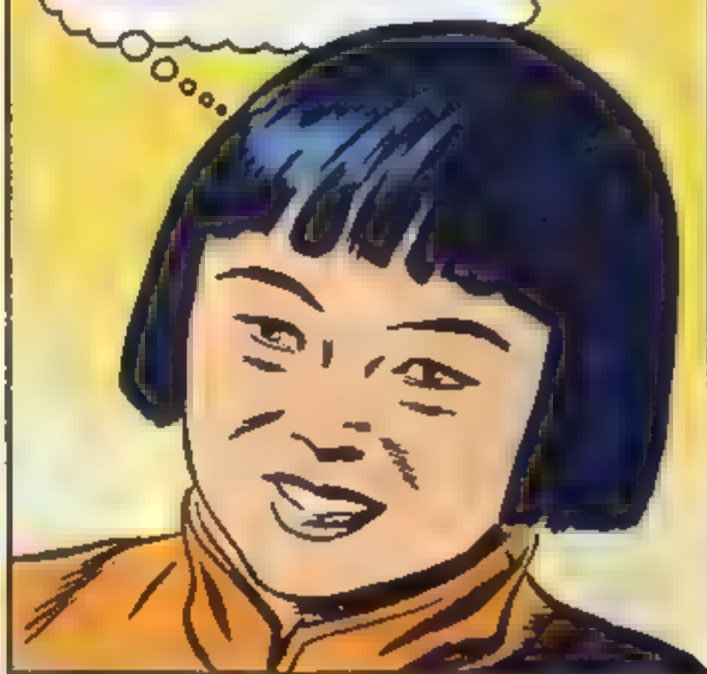
SOUMAY'S INTEREST IN THE WORLD INCREASED AS SHE GREW OLDER.

DO POLITICS
INTEREST YOU,
SOUMAY?

OH, YES. I
LIKE TO LISTEN
TO YOU TALK,
FATHER.



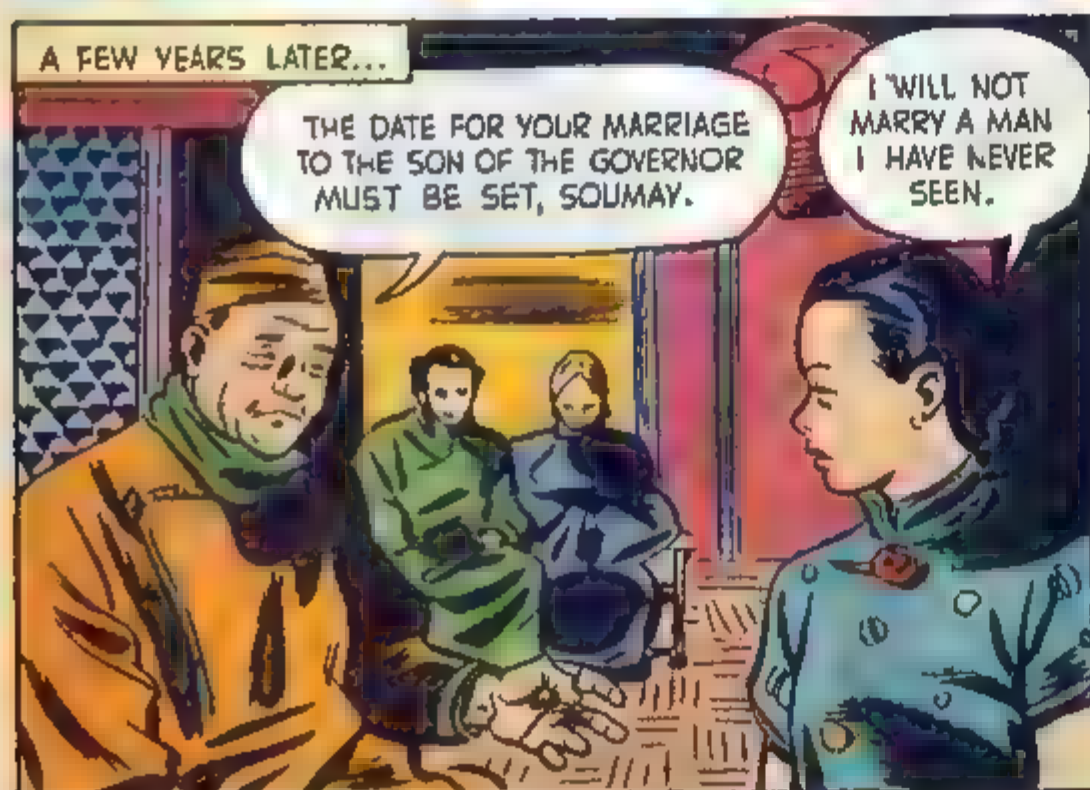
I MUST LEARN ABOUT THE
WORLD BEFORE I CAN
BECOME A REAL PART OF IT.



A FEW YEARS LATER...

THE DATE FOR YOUR MARRIAGE
TO THE SON OF THE GOVERNOR
MUST BE SET, SOUMAY.

I WILL NOT
MARRY A MAN
I HAVE NEVER
SEEN.



THE YOUNG MAN
REFUSES TO BREAK
THE ENGAGEMENT.

I WILL WRITE
TO HIM
MYSELF!



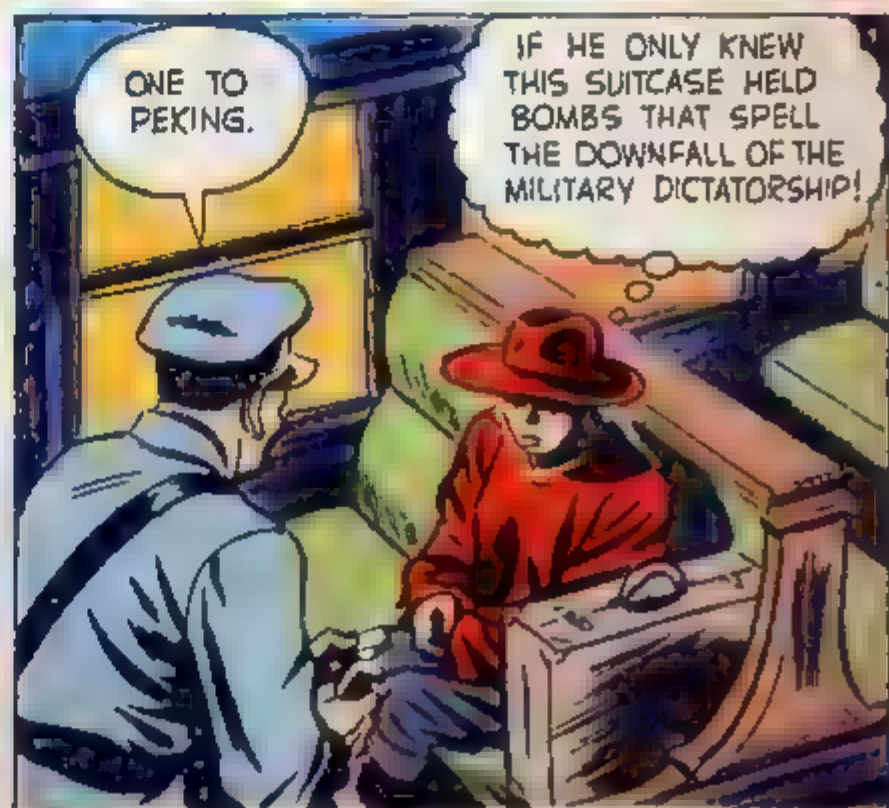
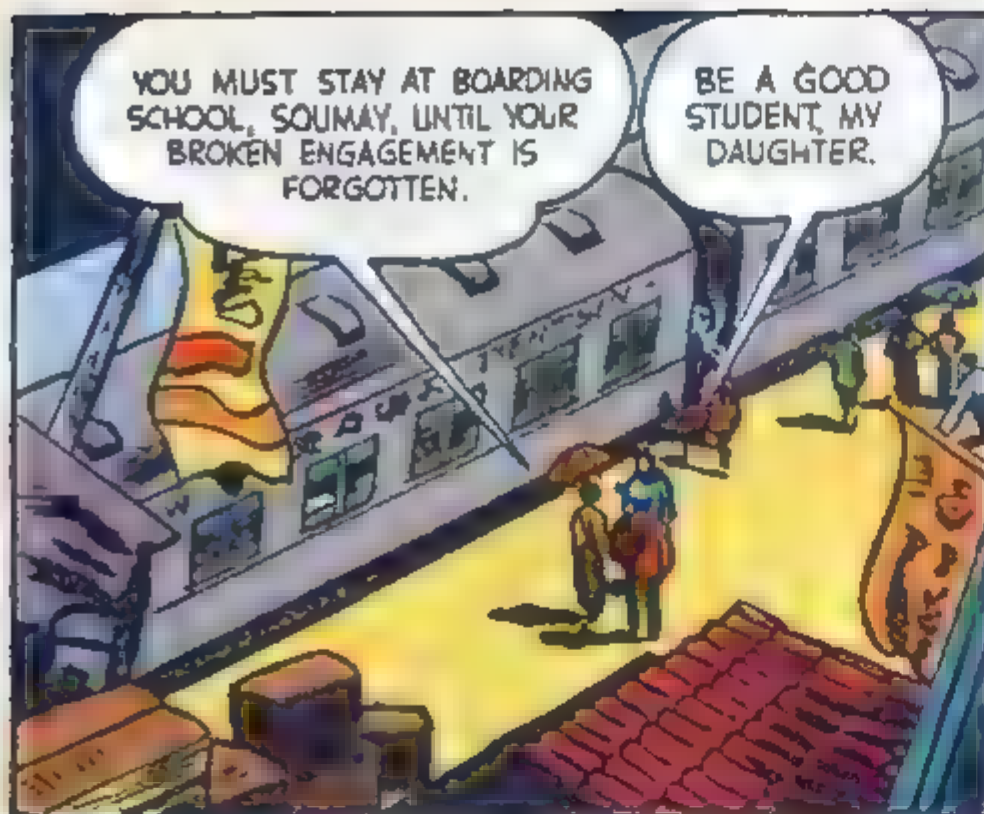
THERE WILL BE A SCANDAL.
CHINESE GIRLS ARE NEVER
ALLOWED TO ACT FOR
THEMSELVES.

I LIKE HER
INDEPENDENCE.



I WILL TELL HIM
TO MARRY A GIRL
WHO CAN MAKE
HIM HAPPY.

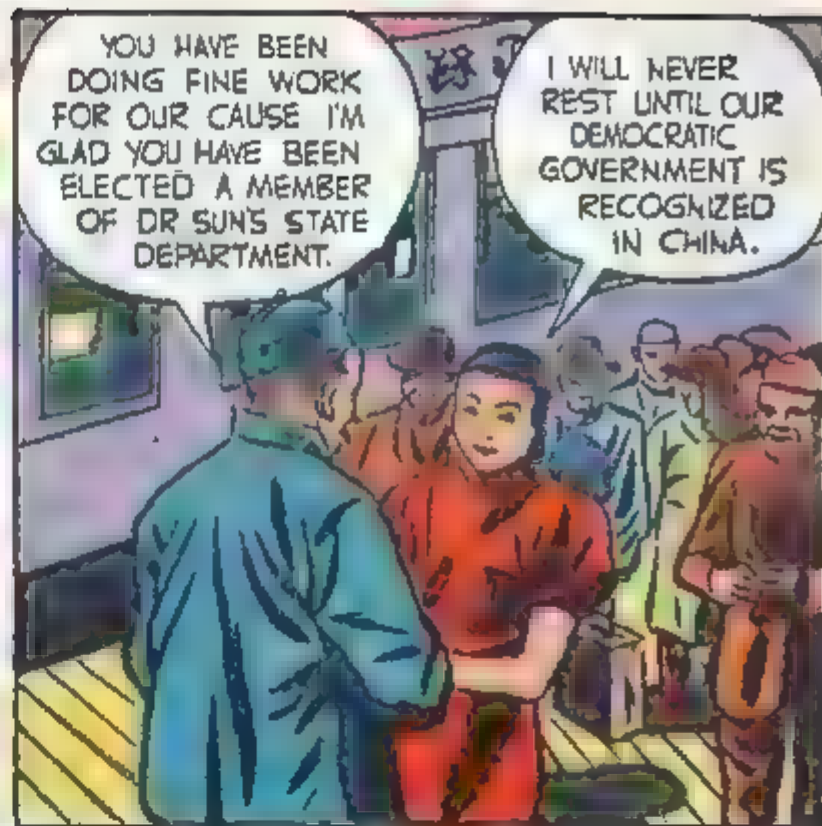






THAT WAS ONE OF THE BOMBS YOU BROUGHT TO US, MISS TCHENG

THERE WILL BE MANY MORE, I PROMISE YOU.



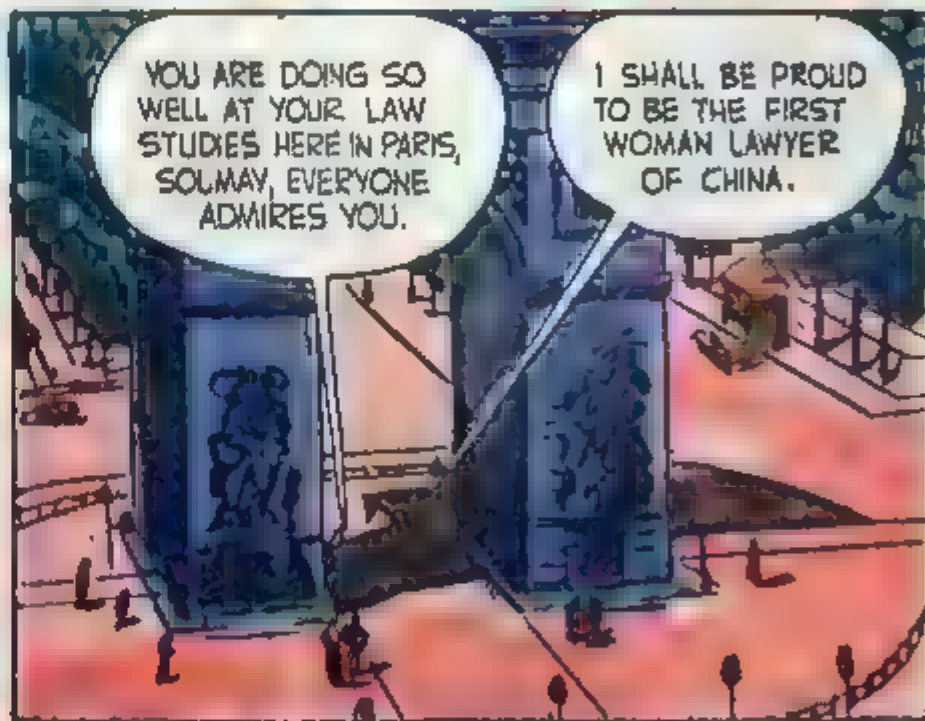
YOU HAVE BEEN DOING FINE WORK FOR OUR CAUSE I'M GLAD YOU HAVE BEEN ELECTED A MEMBER OF DR SUN'S STATE DEPARTMENT.

I WILL NEVER REST UNTIL OUR DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT IS RECOGNIZED IN CHINA.



YOU MUST LEAVE THE COUNTRY, MISS TCHENG IT IS NO LONGER SAFE FOR YOU HERE.

I WILL GO TO FRANCE TO STUDY LAW. I CAN BE MORE USEFUL THEN,



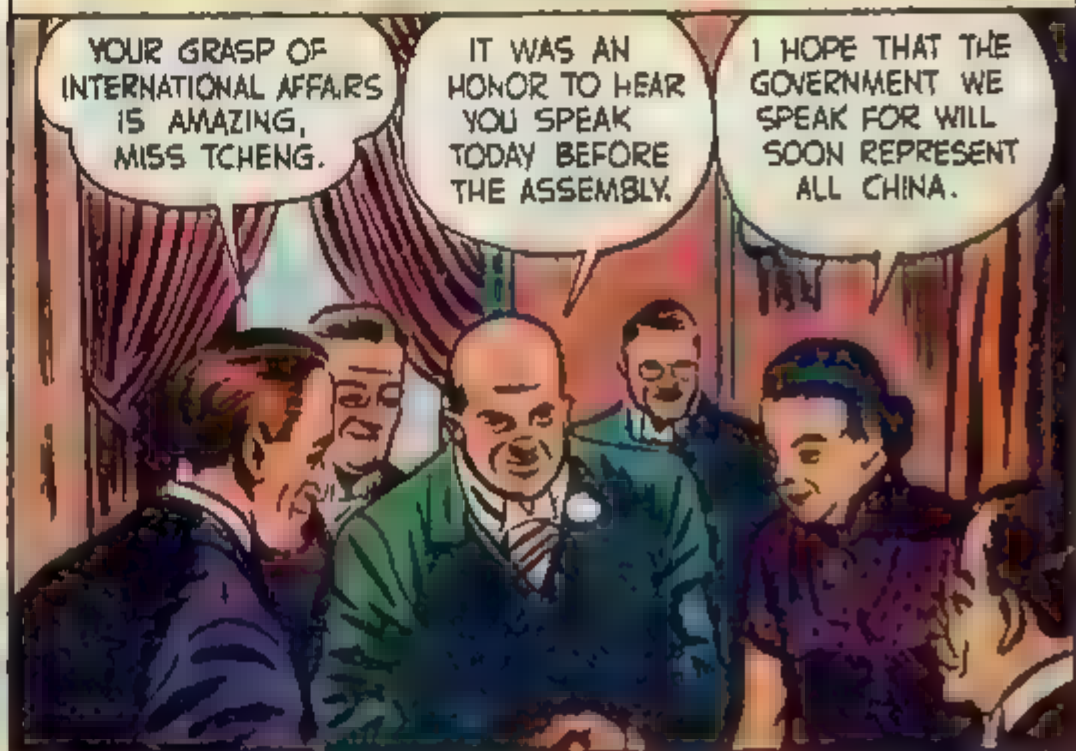
YOU ARE DOING SO WELL AT YOUR LAW STUDIES HERE IN PARIS, SOLMAY, EVERYONE ADMIRES YOU.

I SHALL BE PROUD TO BE THE FIRST WOMAN LAWYER OF CHINA.



FREEDOM IS NOT FAR OFF IN CHINA DR. SUN YAT-SEN HAS SET UP HIS RIVAL DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT AT NANKING

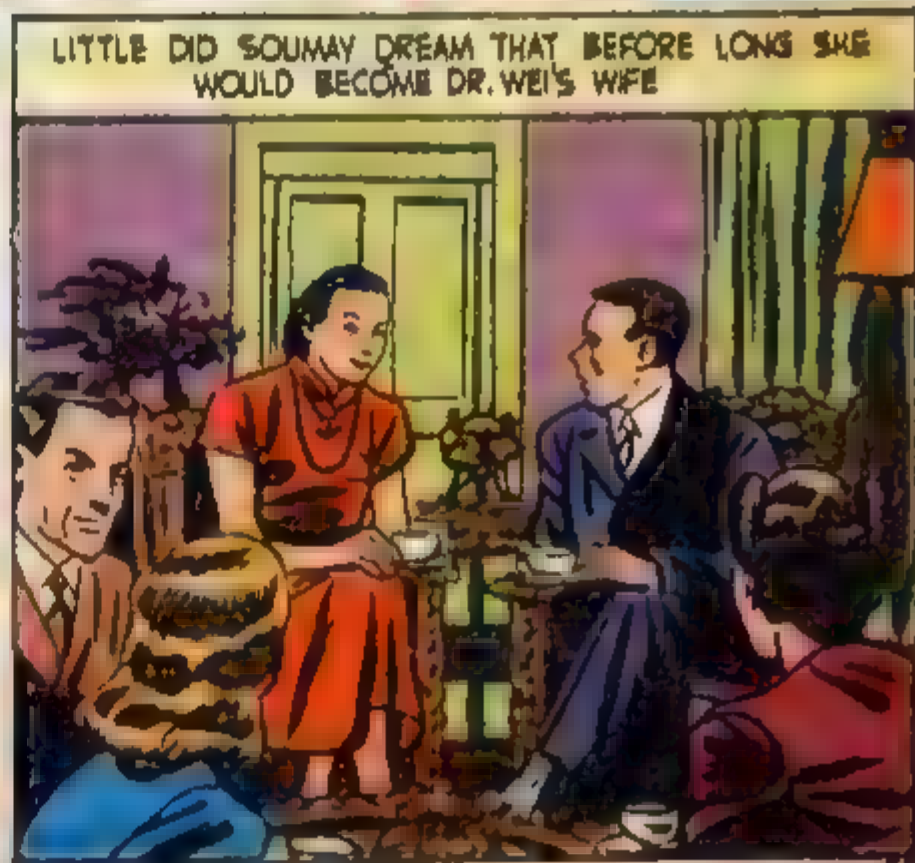
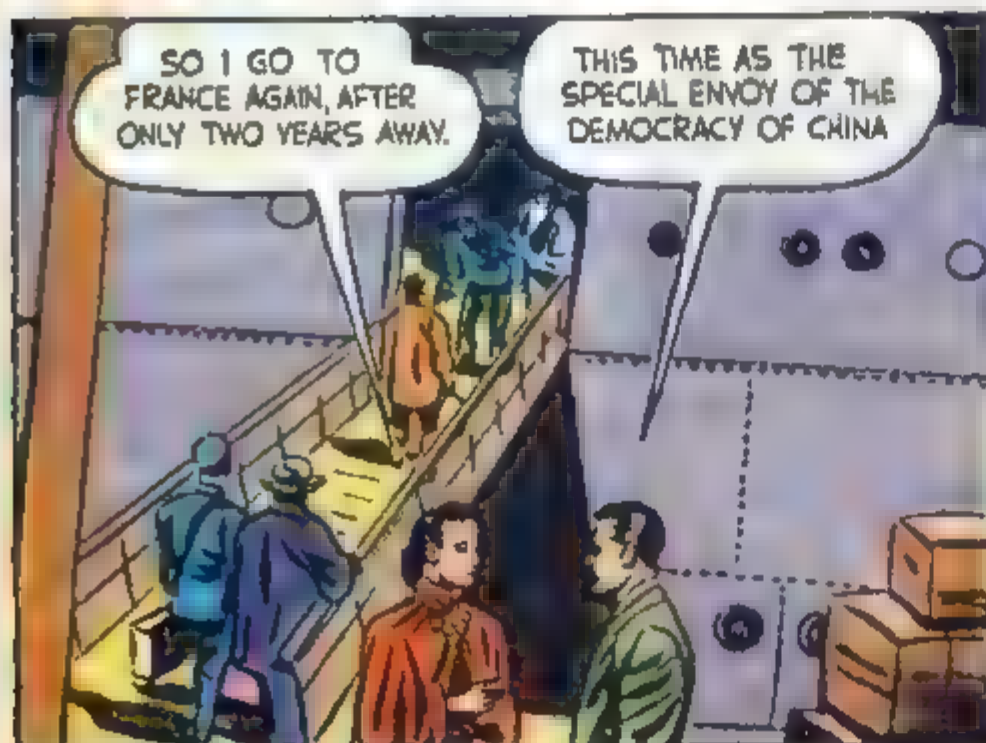
AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE RIVAL NANKING GOVERNMENT TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN 1919...

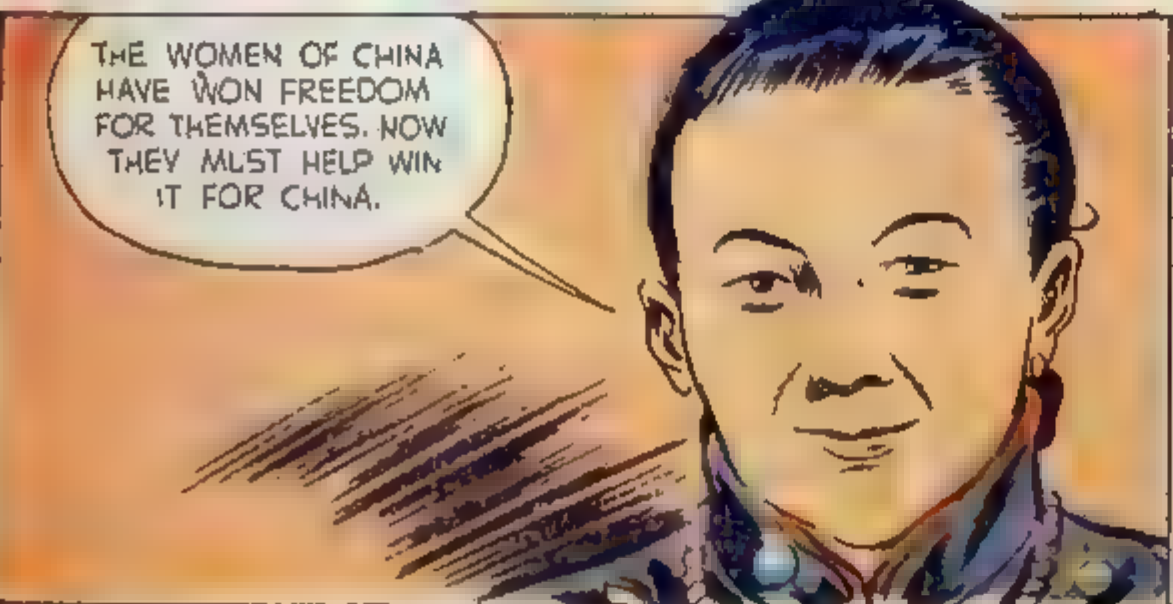
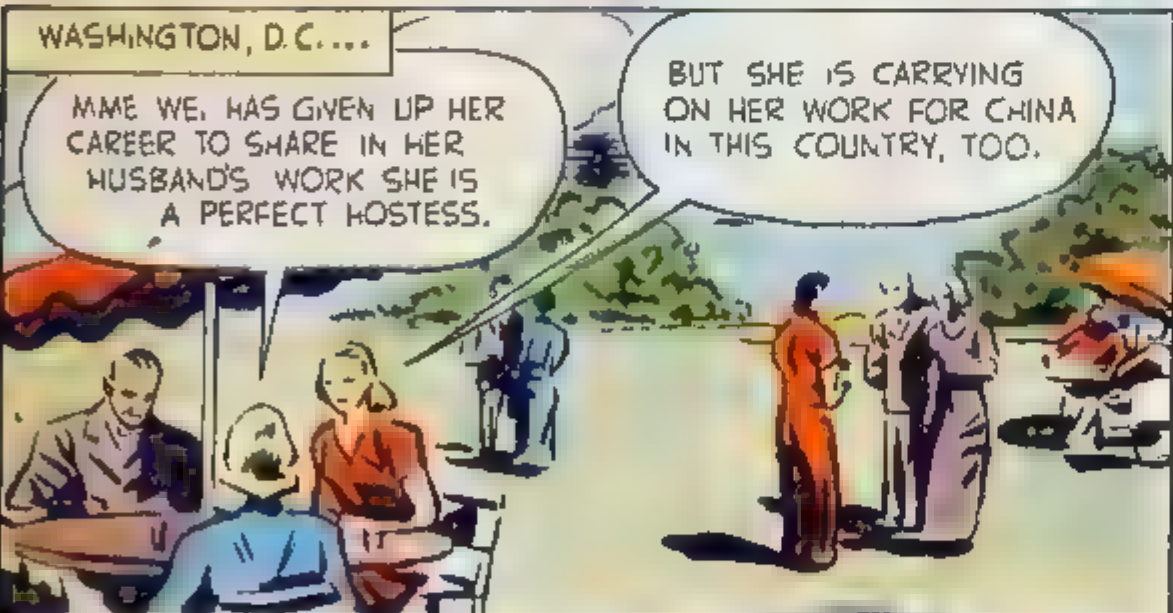
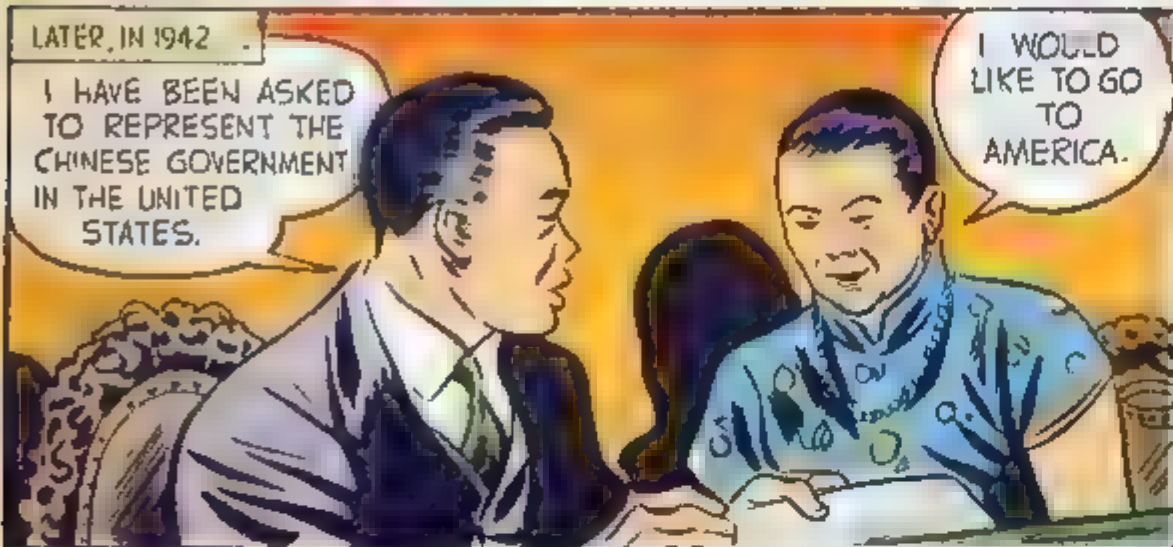


YOUR GRASP OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS IS AMAZING, MISS TCHENG.

IT WAS AN HONOR TO HEAR YOU SPEAK TODAY BEFORE THE ASSEMBLY.

I HOPE THAT THE GOVERNMENT WE SPEAK FOR WILL SOON REPRESENT ALL CHINA.





Girls!

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Buy-

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The "Traipsin" Woman

C.B. Dixon^o

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